No. 1911—Vol. 74

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

JANUARY 8, 1898

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by INGRAM BROTHERS, 198, Strand, aforesaid.

Photo Barraud, Old Bond Street, W.

THE LATE SIR HENRY HAVELOCK-ALLAN, V.C., M.P.,
KILLED IN THE KHYBER PASS.

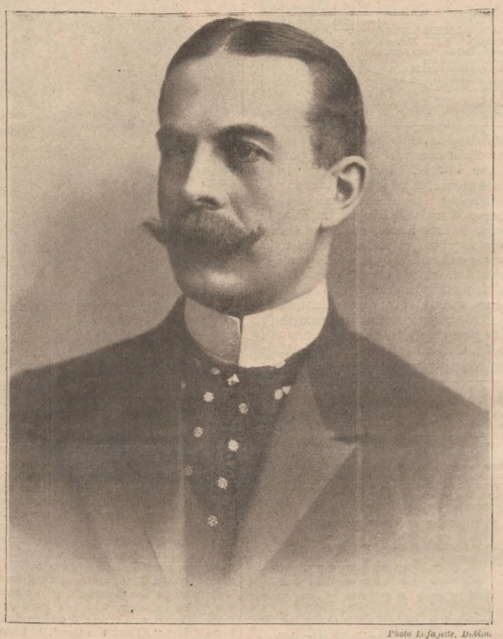

Photo Lafayette, Dublin.

LORD CREWE,
THROWN IN A RECENT HUNTING ACCIDENT.

GENERAL SIR BINDON BLOOD'S ACTION AT AGRAHARD GHAT.
From a Drawing by a British Officer.

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To Correspondents.

ALL Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to "The Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, 198, Strand, London, W.C.

Talk of London.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S BOOK.

THE GREAT HEART OF LONDON has been touched to the core by the sweet spirit which animates the touching work of Her Majesty's youngest daughter. "Comfort in Sorrow" is the title of a little book by Princess Beatrice, just published in German at Darmstadt by Johannes Waitz. Its deeply religious and truly Christian tone will make a great impression. The Princess, who appears to have loved the late Prince Henry of Battenberg most devotedly, writes in a very affecting manner respecting his death, and evidently seeks consolation where alone it can be found. Her views upon the more serious aspects of life are of the most elevated kind, and will tend to endear her still more to the thousands who already admire the pious Princess, who has been our Queen's most devoted and constant companion since she herself lost "Albert the Good." One quotation will suffice to show with what moving eloquence Princess Beatrice imparts

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.,

HOST OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT CHATSWORTH.

"Comfort in Sorrow"—

"When a beloved being, whether father, husband, brother, mother, sister, wife, or only friend, steps, as we are wont to say, nearer to God, and disappears from our gaze, it is wonderful how death gradually takes a more beautiful form, how the unknown world appears ever more familiar to us, and the goodness of God greater than ever before. The departed one it is who effects this change within us. To noble souls—and to such alone—is it granted to bequeath this legacy, the power to comprehend fully the love of God, and to attain a clearer consciousness of immortality.

"The blessing which a beloved being is to us cannot be quite felt until after his death. We say that death rends asunder the family or the friendly circle, but that is not so. The circle is not complete until some of its members are missed. 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it'—that is what the 39th Psalm says, and we will say the same. I will be silent, not from anger, nor from despair, but because Thou didst it, O God, and it must therefore be well done. He had an end in view, a meaning, a reason, and that reason is good. To try to find out that reason would be to try at things which are too high for us. Let us be dumb, not from despair but from faith, like the child who sits at the feet of the mother, not understanding her actions, but confident that all is done in love.

"We must not be content in the thought that we only need help to bear our grief. Those who are anxiously at work to reach a better world will not rest until grief purifies and improves them. They know that every fresh wave which breaks over them washes away some of the rust that adheres to the soul, and leaves behind a heavenly gift, so that the griefs of life draw us upward more and more to the land of eternal rest and peace."

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire,

host and hostess of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Chatsworth this week, are the foremost noble entertainers of the period. Society has good reason for knowing that their Graces, in the brilliant Diamond Jubilee year, made the London Season memorable by the magnificent Fancy Dress Ball they gave to the Prince and Princess of Wales and the cream of the cream of the nobility at Devonshire House, in Piccadilly. Quite recently, the princely hospitality of the Cavendishes has been extended to our overworked Prime Minister and the Marchioness of Salisbury, who derived much benefit from their stay at Compton Place, the Eastbourne abode by the sea of the Duke of Devonshire—one of the most salubrious, renovating, and sunny Seaside Health Resorts in the kingdom, and a palatial Watering-Place which owes its existence and prosperity in a great degree to the sage and exemplary liberality and big-hearted considerateness of the present Duke of Devonshire's sagacious Father. Rightly has Eastbourne chosen the Duke as Mayor. Better known, perhaps, as the Marquis of Hartington, the present "hard-headed" (John Bright's phrase) Duke of Devonshire, who added strength to the Salisbury Ministry by joining it as Leader of the Liberal-Unionist Party, has long commanded the implicit confidence of a large body of his fellow-countrymen. Trust is placed in his integrity, in his honour, and in his lifelong interest in the welfare of the People. It was but a few years ago that he was married privately at Christ Church, Mayfair, to the Duchess of Manchester, the handsome daughter of the late Count Von Alton, of Hanover. Her Grace is one of the most accomplished of hostesses and one of the most fascinating of noblewomen.

Chatsworth,

the Derbyshire seat of the Duke of Devonshire, is represented in its summer aspect in M. Montbard's Illustration. But the warmth of the Cavendish welcome accorded last Monday evening to the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria at Chatsworth imparted the glow of social summer, at any rate, to the bleak wintry landscape, lit up by flaming torches. Watered by the Derwent, Chatsworth Park is renowned for its beautiful scenery. Sheltered by hills, Chatsworth is charmingly situated, as may be judged from our Engraving. It is a storehouse of art treasures. To add to the enjoyment of their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire invited a distinguished and congenial circle of guests to meet them, including Lord Rosebery, the Earl and Countess De Grey, and Lady Randolph Churchill.

Earl Crewe,

one of the most enlightened and consistent of the Liberals who kept true to Mr. Gladstone, is, happily, recovering from the injuries he received in his recent hunting accident. Son of the late Lord Houghton (endeared to men of letters as Monkton Milnes), he was born in '58, and was made the first Earl Crewe in 1895, after his services as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the Gladstone and Rosebery Ministries. Mr. Lafayette's photograph is a lifelike portrait of the noble Earl, who has rare qualifications for further conspicuous services in a high political capacity.

Peter the Great.

Those who wish to know more of the career of the famous founder of the Russian Empire should procure a volume just published by Mr. Heinemann. It is by the Russian author Walizewski, and is translated by Lady Mary Lloyd. In this volume all the remarkable incidents in the reign of Peter the Great will be found fully described. Its perusal will enable the reader to appreciate the skill with which Mr. Laurence Irving has delineated the historic character his great Father represents so powerfully at the Lyceum.

True Lyceum Magnificence

characterised the production last Saturday night of Mr. Laurence Irving's strong but gloomy play of "Peter the Great." Its commanding merit proved to be Sir Henry Irving's powerfully individualised impersonation of the famous Czar—the vivid representation of the half-barbaric Emperor's headstrong wilfulness, of Peter's earnest but futile attempt to inspire his weak son Alexis with some of his own love for Russia, of his gross neglect of his divorced wife and blind infatuation for Catherine, and of his crowning remorse when his pliant Ministers have condemned his son to death. All the admirers of Sir Henry Irving, and their name is legion, will be bound to see him as Peter the Great, and they will not be disappointed in that artistic perfection of the *mise-en-scène*, or in the intense acting, which have long made the Lyceum the playgoers' lodestar. But the piece centres in the filial episode alluded to. The Empress Catherine (played with all that arch witchery for which Ellen Terry is noted) and the divorced wife of Peter (sympathetically embodied, in nun's costume, by Miss Rockman), have but very little to say or do. Would that we saw far more of Ellen Terry! The fickle, traitorous light-o'-love of Alexis (Euphrosine, Miss Barrymore), arrayed in gay costumes only a shade less sumptuous than those worn by Catherine herself, relieved the play of some of its sombreness. But even the horrors of the Inquisition cruelties in "The Sign of the Cross" were surpassed by the screams of the witnesses tortured (behind the scenes, it is true) at the impressive trial scene. If Mr. Robert Taber (the clever young American actor) made too tame and timid a fellow of Alexis in the opening acts, he rose splendidly to the occasion in the fine Dungeon Scene with Peter. The Tolstoi of Mr. Mackintosh was marked by his usual force of acting and clearness of diction. The scenery of Hawes Craven, W. Telbin, and J. Harker was beyond praise. When, after a brief speech to the point from Sir Henry Irving, father and son reappeared hand in hand, we were all glad to cheer the promising young dramatist and his illustrious sire.

Mr. Laurence Irving

would probably never have written "Peter the Great" but for the encouragement he received from Miss Ellen Terry—and the princely and paternal influence of Sir Henry Irving himself.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

From a Photograph by Van Der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

Photo Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.

MR. LAURENCE IRVING,
AUTHOR OF "PETER THE GREAT."

The distinguished actress had an idea that Mr. Laurence Irving possessed the dramatic faculty, and induced him to write a one-act play. This was produced last year in America, and Miss Terry volunteered to play the heroine. Fortunate young dramatist! Stimulated by the favourable reception of this little piece, and, having the Russian historical subject suggested as the framework of a tragedy, Mr. Laurence Irving (whose portrait I have the pleasure to print) set to work taking a few hints from his famous father. The most complimentary critic can hardly declare that the piece is faultless; but there is sufficient promise in the tragedy to warrant the belief that Mr. Laurence Irving will some day produce a fine play upon the Lyceum stage. It is certain that the clever young dramatist has a keen eye for stage effects and contrasts of character, and the manner in which he has softened down the harshness of the subject by the feminine interest introduced promises well for the future.

New Year's Day Oratorios.

In the afternoon of New Year's Day I was present at the Queen's Hall, when Mendelssohn's noble oratorio, "Elijah," was performed by the Queen's Hall Choral Society, with Mr. Santley as the prophet. The veteran baritone sang finely; his wonderful rendering of the famous air, "Is not his word like a fire?" being greeted with a perfect storm of cheers. In the evening Handel's glorious "Messiah" was given at the Albert Hall by the Royal Choral Society in splendid style.

Sir George Grove,

who was so brilliantly successful in founding the Royal College of Music, and whose works on music are so highly esteemed, has just inherited a fortune, owing to the death of his brother, the wealthy fishmonger, who left £150,000 besides various properties. Sir George will come into £3000 and a charming estate in Buckinghamshire, where he will spend the life of a country gentleman, and no doubt will often receive visits from famous composers, vocalists, and other musical celebrities. When he was Principal of the Royal College everyone was charmed by his kind and gracious manner. He was idolised by the students, and his beaming face when a talented pupil met with special encouragement was delightful to witness. I trust Sir George may enjoy his Buckinghamshire home for many a year to come. No man living has done more to encourage musical progress in this country.

Mark Twain and His Publishers.

The popular writer (Mr. Clemens) had a share in a New York publishing house, which got into difficulties. Mark Twain could easily have avoided any liability in the matter; but he honourably determined to clear off the debts of the late firm. The Official Receiver, according to the *New York Tribune*, speaks of his conduct as "a bright example of honesty among men." Hear! Hear! Mr. Official Receiver.

Millais at the Royal Academy.

There has probably never been such an interesting or so brilliant an exhibition at Burlington House as that now on view. All the chief works of the renowned British artist are collected there; and it is a show of which all lovers of English art may be proud. The portraits alone are wonderful, and include the Marquis of Salisbury, Tennyson, Gladstone, John Bright, Mrs. Langtry, and other celebrities painted by Millais. Among works of a poetic kind will be found the famous "Vale of Rest," in which the artist has given such extraordinary depth of expression to the faces of the nuns in the foreground, who are digging a grave in the shadow of the convent walls. No lover of great art should omit to pay a visit to Burlington House. At the private view last Saturday I could hardly see the pictures owing to the elaborate hats of the ladies, who naturally gathered in great numbers to do honour to the memory of the late President, Sir John Everett Millais, who will immortalise our foremost beauties in the works which evoke heartiest admiration at the Royal Academy. I am haunted by the mute pathos of the poor wan girl who gazes so lovingly at her Huguenot lover, and by the touching eloquence of the poor sempstress's face in "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch."

"Three Millions to the Good"

is the cheerful prediction of those who are looking forward to the next Budget statement. What will the Chancellor of the Exchequer do with this magnificent sum? A great deal might be done with three millions; but it will probably have to go in strengthening the Army and Navy. There is such jealousy abroad of England that it is not impossible we may have to face a combination of Foreign Powers. What a pity "Chinese Gordon" did not have his way when he acquired such influence in the Flowery Land! He would have gained for England a protectorate over four hundred millions of people, a second India, and the trade we might have carried on with China would have been enormous. As it is, the prompt movements of the British fleet in Chinese waters may check the extraordinary seizures of Chinese ports by grabbing Foreign Powers.

The National Sunday League

entertained about four thousand persons at their delightful conversazione concert in the Queen's Hall last Sunday night—to the evident satisfaction of the "Father of the League" (Mr. Morrell) and the zealous Secretary, Mr. Henry Mills. Conducted by Mr. Henry T. Dunkerton, the superb band of the Scots Guards gave us a "Tannhäuser" selection and Bishop's melodies to admiration. The perfection of vocal art was Mr. Charles Kenningham's sweet tenor singing, and Madame Lilla Harrison's exquisite rendering of "At My Window."

Daudet's Last Novel.

M. Alphonse Daudet was engaged on a new story when he died. It was called "La Petite Paroisse." The famous novelist was assisted by M. Léon Hennique, who is completing the story for publication. An English version may be expected quite early in the spring. The fame of the author of "Fromont and Risler" will make a new story from his pen welcome, especially as we learn that there is nothing likely to be repugnant to English taste in the last novel of the renowned author.

The New Alhambra Ballet

beats the record in magnificence and splendour. Once more the melodious dance music of M. Georges Jacobi, the superlatively rich and tasteful costumes of M. Alias, and the graceful dances devised by Signor Coppi, yield supreme delight to ear and eye in the grand new pantomimic ballet, "Beauty and the Beast," in which Signor Egidio Rossi reappears. For lustrous charm, "Beauty and the Beast" bears the palm. The seductive Beauty is Miss Josephine Casaboni; that finished pantomimist, Miss Julia Seale, is "the Beast, afterwards the Prince"; Mr. Lytton Grey the comic servant; and Signorina Cecilia Cerri première danseuse. Mr. Alfred Moul is to be congratulated on a signal triumph, which should fill the Alhambra for months to come.

THE PROMPTER.

Old Gentleman: "Talking about imitating animals, I used to be rather good at it when I was a boy. P'raps you young fellows 'll think nothing of it, but when I used to crow like a cock—ah!"

Fellow Passengers: "Well, what happened?"

Old Gent.: "The sun used to rise—that's all!"

THAT WAS ALL.

Mrs. Grady (who hates to say anything, but—): "Mrs. Kelly, the way your daughters bang that pianney av yours from morning till night is something outrageous!"

Mrs. Kelly: "Resht aisy, Mrs. Grady!—resht aisy! Ut's an old wan, and they can't hur-r-rt it anny!"

NO DANGER.

SCENE FROM "PETER THE GREAT," AT THE LYCEUM.

SIR JOHN BENNETT,
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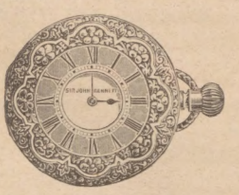

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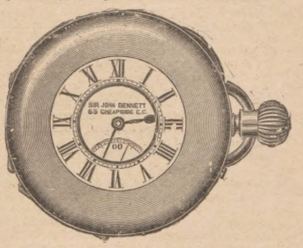

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"P.I.P." NEW YEAR STORIES

A Baptism of Fire.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE,

Author of "The Paradise Coal-Boat," "The Adventures of Captain Kettle," etc.

[COPYRIGHT.]

SOMETHING said "whisp" past my cap, and then there was a crisp "bungge" from behind. I raised my eyes, with mouth gaping and sandwich in mid-air. A Chinese officer with heavy felt-soled boots was raising a blued large-bore revolver for a second shot at me, and behind him was the first rank of his men—and interminably long it seemed—just topping the rise. I did not stop to think. Up till then I had been sprawling full length upon the sun-baked grass; but somehow, before I knew it, instinct had jerked me on to my feet, and I was running like a frightened dog down the slope.

Of course I had no business there at all. The duty of a sous-officier of commissariat is to keep snugly to the rear with his own men, and to preserve his hide as far as possible intact. But I was new to active service then, and wishful to see the glorious drama of war in red real life. And so, as no special duty pinned me in camp, I had left my own proper comrades, and come afield to watch the day's action.

It had seemed to me at the time that I could do this in entire safety. Our troops were ordered out to take and destroy a village which lay in the valley by the riverside, and their operations would be confined to the lower ground. The heights above would be entirely untroubled—unoccupied.

And so I had gained these, after walking five miles over gentle slopes of short scrub grass, and then had lain me down on the ridge, and watched the skirmishing, the attack, and the capture through a pair of glasses. From the distance it had all seemed very tame. There were little puffs of grey smoke, men fell, others came on at the run, zigzagged in and out in entire disorder, made their weapons and accoutrements glitter in the sun, and then disappeared under cover of the mud and bamboo village. More smoke arose in puffs from the lanes between the houses. And then a stream of Black-Flag Chinese began to pour out at the run. Some of them pitched forward and lay still, and the others opened out to pass these by, and others limped and lagged behind the general pace; and a quiet irregular crackle from the village, like the burning of brushwood, told me what was causing these things.

But I cannot say that I was much impressed with any of it. Distance dwarfed the whole into unreality. In fact, though the scene reminded one of a piece in a theatre, I have seen stage plays which moved me far more deeply. But when the Black Flags were out of range and the firing ceased, the valley dropped into dead quietude, and there was nothing more to see. I yawned over it for another half-hour, and then walked a dozen yards down the slope, smoked a couple of cigarettes, and began my déjeuner. The regiment of Black Flags which came down upon me must have started climbing the hill-face the very minute I quitted the ridge.

Instinct, as I say, jerked me to my feet, and instinct must have given me a prodigious start, for when first my wits came to me, I found myself running like a frightened dog. The officer gave me a second shot, which cut a gutter between my feet, and then his men opened out with Remington rifles. I don't know how many fired. It seemed as if ten million bullets whisped past me, and I had a notion I was hit in twenty places. But nothing clogged my legs, and although my heart was trying hard to jump clear of its moorings, I ran on at freshened pace. There wasn't a more terrified man in Asia that minute. The shots came dropping after me; shots and the cries of chase in barbarous Chinese; and the world swam in front. Terror undiluted made me a running automaton.

But by degrees a vague wonder stole upon me as to whether other men felt like this when they were under fire, and from that my mind grew into other things. It was easy to answer that, whatever they felt, soldiers did not always run away, and then I remembered plainly that cowardice before the face of the enemy was punished by the award of death.

Beyond a doubt the most cowardly Frenchman in the East that moment was myself. I did not attempt to controvert this fact; I ran on, cringing from every bullet that rustled past me, or spurted up the ground beside my leaping feet; but I sought to find excuses for my conduct. For good behaviour they had raised me from the ranks to be a non-commissioned officer; to lead and be an example to the rest of the rank and file when a pinch came, and here I was leading the wrong way and setting the worst of all examples.

Promptly the excuse came. "But no. I should not run if there were others of the French with me; shame would forbid, even though the bullets were flying in ten times thicker hail-storm." I could imagine that with only six friends I should have laughed and jested at the skirmish, and stood my ground till I was planted on it for good. But the present case was different—far different. There was no friendly soul in sight—none to watch me if I turned and say to France that I had halted and died fighting like a wolf in the centre of the pack. There was no onlooker save God and the Chinese, and I told myself that I could neither do good for my army nor gain a speck of glory by dying.

Dying? Yes, but when should I die if once they got me in their clutches? Sooner or later, certainly; but would it be at once, quick and sudden? There had been handed about tales in our lines of captives being made to linger for hours, yes, days, through the most hellish tortures which fiends could conceive, before the poor wretches got their *coup de grâce*. The idea plunged me into a fresh access of terror.

How long I ran on in this second blinded state I cannot tell, but a sharp sting of pain set my wits once more a-going. It felt like the scar of hot metal burning and frying, and the hurt came somewhere from the round of the left shoulder.

Instantly my mood woke again. For the first time there grew upon me a vague resentment against the crew who were yelping and firing in chase; and as I scurried on, and the ill-aimed bullets threw their rushing halo of sound around my head and limbs, this increased to a wild poisonous hate.

The change of sentiment cooled me down prodigiously. I no longer fled vaguely away from the firing like a scared animal. I looked ahead of me; reasoned out the lay of the country, and selected an objective. I commenced also to steal glances over my shoulder, and noted that the Chinese were straggling out into a scattered queue, and that half the regiment were in sight and watching the chase. Most of those behind could not molest me, because their own fellows were in the line of fire, and to this probably I owed my immunity, because those who did load and let off their rifles were blown with the pursuit, and this made their aiming ragged. I reasoned these matters calmly and collectedly, still running; but resentment was growing upon me till it was producing something near akin to mania. Once I half stopped and spat a curse at them, and shook an impotent fist; but a cluster of the brutes stopped and sent a volley at me from the knee, and I swung out and ran again with an ear-lobe gone.

Then for the first time I remembered my revolver. With bungling fingers I unholstered it, and, turning, fired six rapid shots. One man clapped hands to his face, screamed shrilly, like a child, and pitched to the earth, his pigtail swinging up in the air as though it had been a black whiplash. I had it in me to have leaped on that man had I been near him, and crushed the remaining life out of him with bare hands, and then have kicked and offered insults to his dead body. I was no longer a French gentleman then. I was a savage beast, lustful to tear my enemies' throats.

I turned again and fled on, the breath coming in thick sobbing pants. A whole *pelaton* of vengeful shots were exchanged for that puny fusilade, but none of them found a billet in me, and I laughed aloud in triumph. Whatever happened now I had killed my own weight of enemy.

But, as I say, I wanted desperately to do more, and now that the paralysis of terror and excitement had flashed away, my mind was beginning to work with craft and cunning. Ahead of me, and running athwart my course, was a muddy wallow they called the road, and which our troops had passed along barely three hours before to the capture of the village. To the left were the French lines and safety. In front, and a ball's throw beyond the road was, the yellow turbid stream of the river.

It was impossible to reach the camp even had I wished it. The Black Flags had anticipated the move, and had detailed off a party to outflank me in that direction. By turning off to the right I might very well bring down the enemy upon our expeditionary force on their march back from the village. They might be prepared to receive them, and again they might not, and I would have died ten times sooner than any move of mine for my own safety should bring disaster on my comrades. Our branch of the service gets sneered at enough as it is.

So I raced on for the road and passed it, and then with heavy mud-clogged feet laboured down to the river. The shots came fast and thick now, and two more bullets galled me, but I waded through the shallows without further hurt and gained the deep, tawny river beyond.

A sampan was moored a hundred yards out, and a little down stream. I made for it with long, bursting dives. There were half-a-dozen men on board, jumping, gesticulating, and crying warnings; and once when I came up from an under-water swim, one of them let fly a matchlock at me. I saw him blow his smoking fuse, and fire. It was loaded with bird-shot, but I was too close for the charge to scatter, and so it all missed me.

Another dive and I was upon them, and they received me with knife-stabs—and—how the fight turned next I could not tell you. But of a sudden, with a blink and a gasp and a downward blow I came by my wits again, and found that I was on board the sampan with a curved Chinese sword in my hand; and one man lay dead and bleeding at my feet, and another was dead and floating face downwards with the current astern. And the rest were swimming to the shore, and twenty Black Flags were firing over their heads as fast as they could slip cartridges beneath the breech-blocks.

My pistol was gone, and I could do no more on the offensive. The wish for fight had left me; the lust for life alone remained. I cut the painter, and lay on the sampan's bottom while she drifted down with the current into our own lines.

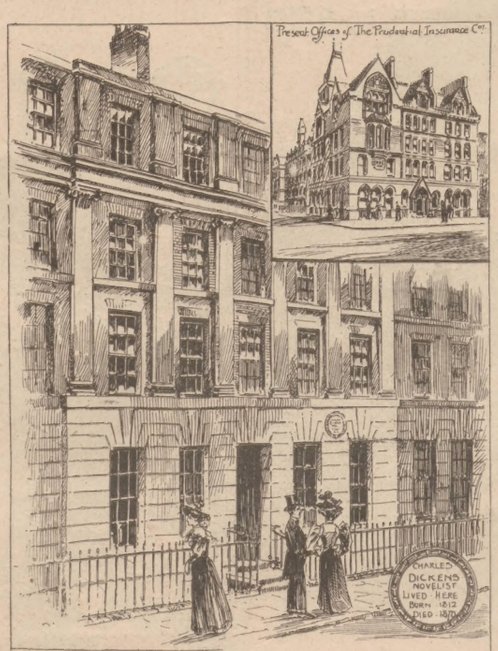
And yet my officers were pleased to call me brave, and the General gave me the war medal. I tried to refuse it, but they laughed at me. A vedette (it seemed) had watched me through a glass from the moment of the first shot being fired, and they said no man could have behaved more pluckily.

Myself I cannot understand this; and when I wear the medal and look upon it, I blush when I remember. Yet the other medals which are beside it make me proud. But they are for other things.

THE END.

FURNIVAL'S INN.

EVERYBODY knows the old gateway to this inn, and also the house, No. 15, in the top front rooms of which Charles Dickens wrote a great part of the immortal "Pickwick Papers." Now the great Prudential Assurance Company, which has palatial offices adjoining, has purchased the whole Inn, presumably wanting more room for their ever extending staff. It has been a Dickens Mecca for Americans and others from foreign lands, who love to revisit the spots made famous by the great English novelist's works, and also the places wherein he created his imperishable characters. No. 15, Furnival's Inn is probably, from being the birthplace of Pickwick and Sam Weller, better known than most of Dickens' residences, and all lovers of Charles Dickens will regret the disappearance of the old Inn, under whose gateway, and whose stone flags he must have trodden many a time. The house may be recognised easily by the Society of Arts tablet over the window, which a *P.I.P.* Artist has sketched. It may be added that the colossal business of the Prudential Assurance Company necessitated also the purchase, some time ago, of the interesting old gabled houses adjoining Staple Inn, on the opposite side of Holborn.



NO. 15, FURNIVAL'S INN (THE HOUSE IN WHICH CHARLES DICKENS WROTE HIS IMMORTAL "PICKWICK.")

Rosalind's London Fashions.

EVERYONE who has been annoyed by the towering matinée hat worn by vain and inconsiderate women at the theatres will rejoice with me to know that natty toques are most in vogue. One reason for this is not far to seek. The hair now being carried to the top of the head tilts the hat forward; ergo, something smaller becomes a necessity. In Fig. 1 is sketched a fashionable toque. It has a full crown of royal blue velvet. The brim is turned up, is deeper at the left side than elsewhere, and is thickly embroidered with steel and mother-o'-pearl. On the left side of the brim, a brooch of steel and mother-o'-pearl fastens two upright undyed ostrich tips, and one small one which curls round over the hair.

TOQUE WITH EMBROIDERED BRIM.

* * *

A Pretty Childish Frock of white washing silk is illustrated in Fig. 2. It is made with a tucked yoke, from which an accordioned smock falls, wrinkled sleeves with full puffs at top, and full ruffles of white lace at throat and wrists. The note of colour comes in straps of cherry-coloured ribbon velvet round the yoke, with rosettes and ends at the two front corners, and cherry-coloured silk stockings, with white silk shoes. This frock could be easily cleaned, and worn out in the summer with collar and revers of silk in place of velvet. The tiny fans which are *de rigueur* this winter come in well for children's use.

CHILD'S TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTY FROCK.

* * *

At Prince's fashionable real ice Skating Rink was sketched the modish gown shown in Fig. 3. It is of light grey cloth, braided with narrow grey braid in cross-bars. A castellated collar in four pieces, the two back of cloth, the front of light grey astrachan revers, edging and muff also of light grey astrachan, and a light grey felt Tyrolese hat, with a band of great velvet and two great wings, completing a very charming whole.

SKATING GOWN AT PRINCE'S.

* * *

A new material which, if I am not mistaken, has a future before it, has been recently introduced. This is serge-silk. It drapes delightfully, and has a very pretty soft appearance, but it has not been sufficiently tested yet for one to say what the wearing properties amount to.

* * *

Not satisfied with mannish bloomers for cycling, and knickers in place of petticoats, up-to-date women are now taking to the silk sleeping suits introduced some time since in place of night-dresses. They can also be made of cashmere for winter. But who would not prefer the tastefully befrilled night-gowns to be bought (say) at Peter Robinson's, Regent Street?

THE NEW YEAR SERIES OF "P.I.P." STORIETTES will be found most INTERESTING for HOUSEHOLD READING.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Modern Fruit.

N example I gave last summer of a new variety of red-currant—the "Comet"—attracted much notice. The plant was then scarce and very dear. Making new stock of fruit-trees is but slow business when every fruit-planter seems to be waiting. I have chosen for this note an illustration of a small three-year-old bush in fruit as I saw it growing last summer. The planting stock of this is both cheap and plentiful. It is a variety of black-currant now much grown in Kent, and I have talked to growers of it in that county who value its annual yield of fruit at the rate of

20s. per Bushel—Sold Wholesale.

Growers of currants know that this fruit grows upon the last year's young shoots. In the plant in my sketch, the young shoots are bearing right up to their tips, the fruit is in size almost as large as cherries, and the bunches are immense. It should pay anyone well to grow this fruit in quantity. The certainty with it is that it will always take the prime of the market when other sorts are ever so plentiful. An advantage about black-currant culture is the liking of the plant for stiff and rather damp soils. Any damp spots, such as the banks of brooks and ditches, and the margins of ponds suit black-currants well. There is only one drawback to this sort of land, that is, that in spring the rimy frosts bite most keenly

THE BALDWIN BLACK-CURRANT.

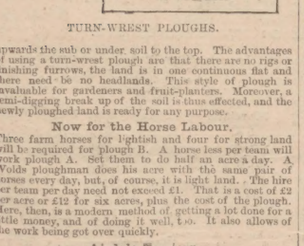
over damp ground. However, this particular currant sets late. It also hangs very late, and the fruit will be there after other sorts have dropped off. There is a valuable point in that quality, because it often suits a grower to keep back the bulk of his fruit for a week or two for pocket reasons. I planted some two-year-old black-currants of this variety last year along with four other sorts, and I had then a proof of the hardiness, the free fruiting, and the strong wood-making properties of this particular sort. Wood-making is the property of most currants. That almost goes without saying, but when the propagator can get cuttings that will make three years' growth in two years, as some will, the one under notice among them, it is a great gain.

The New Ploughing.

We will say it costs from £8 to £10 to have an acre of new ground dug and bastard-trenched. I allow somewhere between those figures myself when I am estimating. Let us see if we can effect a saving over that item. Say a man wants to plant out five or six acres. He may have fixed on strawberries, bush-fruits, dwarf trees, potatoes, vegetables, and green crops. It will be land that is deep enough to dig; hence it may be ploughed to any reasonable depth. The questions are: Can he hire horse-labour and a man who will work willingly, and can he get a plough of the proper make and shape for doing the deep ploughing?

A Turn-Wrest or One-Way Plough.

with a skim coulter, as per figures A and B in the Illustration, will cost, with all wheels and fittings complete, £5 for A or £10 for B. Both will plough any depth from three to ten inches, cutting two layers of the soil at one draught. That is, the skimmer or coulter-skim takes a light, thin layer off the surface, grass, roots, manure, and all, and turns it over into the bottom of the last furrow, while the share following goes deeper, and lifts and turns



TURN-WREST PLOUGHS.

upwards the sub or under soil to the top. The advantages of using a turn-wrest plough are that there are no rigs or finishing furrows, the land is in one continuous flat and there need be no headlands. This style of plough is invaluable for gardeners and fruit-planters. Moreover, a semi-digging break up of the soil is thus effected, and the newly ploughed land is ready for any purpose.

Now for the Horse Labour.

Three farm horses for lightish and four for strong land will be required for plough B. A horse less per team will work plough A. Set them to do half an acre a day. A Wolds ploughman does his acre with the same pair of horses every day, but, of course, it is light land. The hire per team per day need not exceed £1. That is a cost of £2 per acre or £12 for six acres, plus the cost of the plough. Here, then, is a modern method of getting a lot done for a little money, and of doing it well, too. It also allows of the work being got over quickly.

Airdale Terriers.

I have a doggy note to conclude with this week, and I feel a little amused as I write at the correspondent who asked me how to manufacture Airdales. Here are the points. Cruft and Spratts' Patent give them as follows: Head, long dog and flat skull, not too broad between the ears, and narrowing slightly to eyes, free from wrinkles; stop, hardly visible; cheeks free from fullness; jaw, deep set and powerful, well filled up under eyes; lips, tight; ears, V-shaped with a side carriage, small, but proportionate; nose, black; eyes, small, dark, and sharply expressive; teeth, strong and level; neck, moderate length and thickness, widening towards shoulders and free from throatiness; shoulders, long and sloping well into back; shoulder-blades, flat; chest, deep but not broad; back, short, strong, and straight; ribs, well sprung; hind-quarters, strong and muscular with no droop; hocks, well let down; tail, set on high and carried gaily, but not curled over back (the short dock is still *de rigueur*); legs, very straight with plenty of bone; feet, small and round with a good depth of pad; coat, hard and wiry and not ragged, but straight and close, covering well all the body

A TYPICAL AIRDALE.

and legs; head and ears, except darkish shadings on sides of skull, tan in colour, ears darkest, legs (up to thighs) and elbows also tan, with body black or dark grizzle. Dogs about 45 lb.; bitches, 38 lb. to 40 lb. in weight. There is a strong Airdale fancy with a club or several clubs, and the breed is keenly competed in, so I think it will take any manufacturer all his time to breed a cross that will pass muster as a genuine Airdale—shape, size, weight, colour, and body points all considered. Of course there will come a time when in-breeding will tell on size, bone, and physique, and then new blood will be taken in—blood from foreign sources. But beware of the sports and throw-backs. They are hard to get rid of. Sexual impression is a wonderful idiosyncrasy in most pure-bred animals, as well as in pure breeds of poultry.

A Quarter Acre Cow Plot.

"A Poor Labourer."—I have written a full note and laid out a quarter acre for you, to appear in the column next week. As to seeds and mushroom spawn, if you cannot get them at about the prices I named, and cannot get perfectly fresh spawn, put yourself into communication with the Rural Club I mentioned last week.

Building and Heating Forcing-House.

"Forcing House."—If you mean that you want the beds to be placed over the hot pipes so that you can plunge pots of cuttings, seedlings, etc., in them in cocoa-nut fibre you will make a bed most cheaply by placing some roofing-slates on firm cross-bearings, and by fixing up a board at the back and front all the length to form a trough or bed. There is another plan—that is, by having the side walls of the house 18 in. or 24 in. high, and by sinking a path up the middle of the house: then sink your boiler at the further end of the house—outside, of course—and bring your flow-pipes along the front of the beds near the front glass, and take the return pipes along the sides of the path. Cost of hot-water pipes: 2 in., 1s.; 3 in., 1s. 6d.; 4 in., 1s. 9d. per yard run.

Dog for Guard and Companion.

"Ivo."—I have a collie bitch, the most faithful companion and the best guard in the house possible. She can do a little rabbiting, too, but is gun-shy. If you can bring up a young collie to the gun, I will back a collie for your purpose sooner than any other breed. Next to that a retriever or an Irish or Welsh terrier.

Utilising a Briar-Grown Bank.

"Jake."—You say it is a sloping bank, overgrown with wild growth—gorse, fern, and briar—and that it slopes southward and down to a dry pasture covered with short, thick grass and herbage. I take it that this spot is among hilly ground, and is just the place for either rabbits or pheasants. There will be a good account of making a run for pheasants in next week's *P.I.P.* If you decide to try rabbits, and want to keep a big stock and to make them pay or to turn them out to shoot in your other fields, there is no reason why you should not make this two acres with two acres more that you can add to it from the field it slopes down to, produce 500 rabbits every year. You would have to grow roots for hand-feeding, and to have a bit of clover, hay, or silage for the stock does in winter; but at that season you would do well to keep your stock low. A few rods of ground sown or planted with kohl-rabi, would afford all the food you would need to grow if you kept it regularly attended to. If you only purpose letting the rabbits cater for themselves and inclose the four acres, I should say that 200 or 250 will be a good number to expect. Yes, you may produce a cross-breed, and grow big table rabbits for market. A few half-wild, half-Belgian hare does and two or three wild or silver-grey bucks will be the best for a start. As to the fence: A good wire-netting and iron stake fence will be best and most durable. Such a fence may last for twenty years. You can get the materials for 1s. to 1s. 3d. per yard run, and you can erect it by your own labour. The 5 ft. wide 1½ in. mesh wire-netting will allow of your making an overlap at the top and bottom of the fence; and get No. 8 gauge solid, or 7-ply straining wire; double-pronged angle iron, or half-round iron stakes, some fine wire for tying, and a length or two of barbed wire to keep off cattle and trespassers. If all the waste land in this country were utilised in this way—ah, what! It would be the best paying land in the country!

"The Rural Monthly."

As so many of my "Rural Life" readers are asking about this medium, and some are sending me stamps for it, I beg to mention that its publishing office is now at 20, Cheapside; also that it can now be ordered and obtained at the bookstalls and paper shops. Country and suburban readers will find its new and novel feature, the "Rural Club," to be the very best tip I have ever given.

Vinton's (Late Morton's) Agricultural Almanack for 1898,

now in its forty-third year of publication, preserves as its chief features extensive lists of statistics, official information, societies, breeders' tables, fairs, the prices at the London Christmas Market, and the Imperial Corn Averages for Dec. 11. About seventy pages are devoted to tabular and official information relating to agriculture and stockbreeding. Among the portraits are those of Earl Spencer, K.G., President of R.A.S.E., Mr. Clare Sewell Read, Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., M.P., Professor McFadyean, and three generations of the Sutton family. There are also a number of illustrations of live stock. The special articles comprise the following: Mr. Clare Sewell Read on "Reminiscences of Farming"; Mr. P. M'Connell on "The Dairy Trade"; Professor Wrightson on "German Pig Experiments"; Mr. William E. Bear on "The Royal Commission on Agriculture"; Mr. R. E. Turnbull on "Wheat Farming in England"; Professor Malden on "Digging"; Mr. Gilbert Murray on "Cross-bred Sheep"; Mr. W. Jamieson on "As Others See Us"; Mr. W. Earley on "Improved Onion Culture." There are also papers on the "Cereal Year," "Feeding Horses," "The Chaff-Cutting Machines (Accidents) Bill," "Market Reports and Quotations." The price of the Almanack remains at 6d. (8d. post free). Messrs. Vinton and Co., 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., are the publishers.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 198, Strand, London, W.C. All readers should order their copies in advance of the nearest Newsagent, or at the *P.I.P.* Office.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Guide (259 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., Ldn. 50 yrs.' reputation. Hairdressers fitted. Mgr., H. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

J. ARMSTRONG CHALLACE.—Thanks for good wishes.

SOLUTION OF SET-MATE PROBLEM NO. 202.

1. Q to B 5th

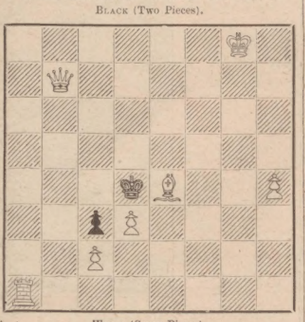
If R takes Kt	2. Q to Q 3rd (ch)	K takes Q, mate
If Q to Kt 8th (ch)	2. Q to K 5th (ch)	Q takes Q ,,

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 203.

1. Q to R 6th	R takes Q	2. Kt takes P, mate	
1. ,,	K ,, Kt	2. Q to Kt 7th	,,
1. ,,	B ,, Kt	2. Q to K 2nd	,, etc.

PROBLEM NO. 204.—BY E. W. ENGBERG.

BLACK (TWO PIECES).



WHITE (SEVEN PIECES).

White to play, and mate in three moves.

PERSISTENT PLAY.

In the well-fought game given below a certain consistency may be traced right from Black's first move of P to Q B 4th. This move signalised the intention to advance on the Queen's wing, and this intention Black carried out, as may be seen from 6. P to Q R 3rd, 7. P to Q Kt 4th, 8. P to B 5th, 9. P to Q 4th, etc. Black stuck to this plan right through the game, and he thoroughly succeeded in his object in spite of White's counter attack, as may be seen from Black's 31st move of P to B 6th. White then committed the mistake, not unusual on such occasions, of following up his own attack on the King's side, regardless of his opponent, whom he thought deeply engrossed with his plans on the other side of the board. Black, however, so far from being inattentive, met his opponent's rush towards an imaginary mate by a clever trap into which White fell headlong, losing his Queen and the game.

Game played in the match between the Brixton and the Hampstead Clubs.

WHITE (J. H. North).	BLACK (Dr. Dunstan).	WHITE (J. H. North).	BLACK (Dr. Dunstan).
1. P to K 4th	P to B 4th	20. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
2. P to K B 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	21. P to R 4th	R to Kt 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	22. B to R 3rd	R takes P
4. B to B 4th	P to K 3rd	23. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
5. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd	24. B takes R	R takes R
6. P to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	25. Q Kt to K 2nd	P to Kt 5th
7. P to Q 4th	P to Q Kt 4th	26. R to K 1st	Castles
8. B to Kt 3rd	P to B 5th	27. K to K 2nd	Q to R 4th
9. B to B 2nd	P to Q 4th	28. P to B 5th	R P takes P
10. P to K 5th	Kt to K 2nd	29. P takes P	P takes P
11. P to K R 3rd	Q Kt to K 2nd	30. B to R 6th	Kt to Kt 3rd
12. Q to K 1st	R to R 2nd	31. Q to R 5th	P to B 6th
13. Q to R 4th	Q to Kt 2nd	32. P takes P	B takes Kt
14. P to K Kt 4th	K Kt to Kt 1st	33. R takes B	Q to R 3rd
15. P to Q R 4th	P to Kt 5th	34. R to B 2nd	Q Kt to K 2nd
16. P to R 5th	Q to B 2nd	35. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes B
17. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	36. Q takes B	Kt to B 5 (ch)
18. B to Q 2nd	R to Kt 2nd	37. R takes Kt	Q takes Q
19. B to R 4th	K Kt to K 2nd	White resigns.	

DRAUGHTS.

R. T. WARD.—Problem received with thanks.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 160.—BY J. ADAMS.

Black: 3, 4, 5, 13, 17, 25, 18s, 26k.
White: 14, 19, 20, 23, 24, 28, 11k.

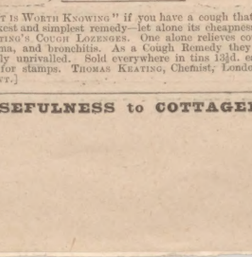
White to move, and win.

14 10	3—10	19 15	20—11	2 7	
18—27	20 16	10—19	7 14	W. wins.	
10 7	27—20	11 7	4—8		

PROBLEM NO. 161.

By TWO HOLY BOYS (Norfolk Regiment, Allahabad).

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move, and win.

GAME NO. 118.

Played between Mr. WILLIAM BELCHER (Black) and Mr. ROBERT MARTINS (White), ex-champion of the world.

"Single Corner" (*); Mr. Belcher's move.

11—15	24 20	9—13	21 14	13—17	
22 18*	8—12	18 9	10—26	9 5	
15—22	28 24	5—14	31 22	10—14	
25 18	10—14	22 18	7—10	5 1	
8—11	24 19	1— 5	22 18	14—18	
29 25	7—10	18 9	6— 9	21 14	
4— 8	27 24	5—14	30 26	11—30	
25 22	3— 7	26 22	9—14	Drawn.	
12—16	32 28	14—17	18 9		

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

HER MAJESTY AND LORD ROWTON. The Queen, who is known to honour Lord Rowton with her friendship, included his Lordship in her New Year's Day dinner-party at Osborne. A practical philanthropist, Lord Rowton has raised in South London another of his admirable model dwellings for the working classes—comfortable abodes, the speedy multiplication of which would solve the difficulty of housing the poor—and especially the poor with large families—in this vast Metropolis, where house rent and taxes, local and imperial, are so fearfully high.

The Queen's Annual New Year's Gifts to the Poor of New Windsor, Holy Trinity, and Clewer were presented last Saturday morning. The Royal bounty consists of meat and coals. The beef was distributed in the Riding School at Windsor Castle. The interior of the spacious building was decorated with the Royal Standard, the Prince Consort's banner, and several Union Jacks. The meat, garnished with red-berried holly, was displayed upon tables covered with white cloths. The portions varied from three to seven pounds each. There were 937 recipients of the Royal bounty. The Queen likewise gave away nearly sixty-eight tons of coal, which, in weights of from one to three hundredweights, was conveyed to the homes of the poor. The total value of the Queen's bounty was about two hundred pounds, and Her Majesty, in addition to this seasonable benevolence, contributed one hundred pounds to the Royal Clothing Club in Windsor.

The New Year's Honours for 1898.—No one will begrudge Lord Halsbury the Earldom which the Queen has conferred upon him. His Lordship has been three times Lord Chancellor: first in 1885-86, then from 1886 to 1892, and again from 1895 to the present time. Earl

LORD HALSBURY.

SIR W. W. HOZIER. SIR H. FARQUHAR.

THE NEW PEERS.

Halsbury, as Sir Hardinge Giffard, was Solicitor-General from 1875 to 1880, and sat in the House of Commons for the borough of Launceston from 1877 till his elevation to the Woolsack in 1885. Two new Peerages have been created. Sir William Wallace Hozier, Bart., upon whom a baron's coronet has been conferred, was born in 1825 and created a Baronet in 1890. He is a Lieutenant-Colonel on the retired list of the Auxiliary Forces. His name is practically a household word in Lanarkshire. Mr. J. Hozier, the popular member for South Lanarkshire, is the son of the new peer. Sir Horace Farquhar is the second of the new peers. He is the fifth son of Sir Walter Minto Townsend-Farquhar, the second Baronet, and was born in 1844. He married in 1885 the widow of Sir Edward Scott, of Sundridge Park, and is a partner in the well-known banking firm of Sir Samuel Scott and Co. The new Peer is a County Councillor for the Marylebone division, and is President of the London Municipal Society. His elevation to the Peerage will cause a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of West Marylebone, which constituency he has represented in the Conservative interest since the last General Election. Of the five baronets, perhaps the distinction conferred on Sir Saul Samuel will be most appreciated by politicians of all parties. Sir Saul Samuel has been Agent-General for New South Wales for seventeen years, and has done much to strengthen our commercial relations with that colony. Of the other baronets, Sir Frederick Wigan has been associated with ecclesiastical work. Mr. Edwin Laurence is member for the Truro division of Cornwall, and son of the late Alderman William Laurence. Mr. J. W. Maclure is a familiar and popular figure in the House of Commons, where he represents the Stretford division of North-East Lancashire.

The Knighthood Bestowed upon Mr. Lipton, of tea fame, is a well-deserved honour conferred on the public-spirited philanthropist whose princely gift enabled the Lord Mayor to carry out the grand idea of the Princess of Wales's Dinners to the London Poor last year.

The Exchange of Visits Between the Czar of Russia and the President of the French Republic resulted in Baron Mohrenheim, Russian Ambassador in Paris, being appointed a Member of the Council of the Russian Empire. This new dignity will necessitate his resigning his post in Paris, and Prince Ouroussoff has been chosen his successor. The new Ambassador is the son of Prince Ouroussoff who was general aide-de-camp to the Czar Alexander II. His mother was Princess Radziwill. After occupying the post of Secretary to the Ambassador at Rome, he was removed to Bucharest, and was subsequently appointed to a diplomatic post in Brussels. It is this position of comparatively secondary importance which he quits to enter upon the duties of Ambassador at Paris. The Princess

PRINCE OUROUSSOFF. BARON MOHRENHEIM.

THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT PARIS.

Ouroussoff is considered a beautiful woman, and is very fair. She is a daughter of M. Abaza, a rich banker of St. Petersburg. The retiring Ambassador, Baron Mohrenheim, has presided at the Russian Embassy in Paris for the past thirteen eventful years.

Lord Wolseley Came to Town from Brighton early last Monday morning, and was engaged for several hours at the War Office. In like manner the transport department of the Admiralty was exceedingly busy from an early hour. No time was lost, and the managers of the great steam-ship companies were communicated with, and before nightfall regiments and ships were told off in connection with the Sirdar's advance in the Soudan to meet the Khalifa.

Photo by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

One of the Tuneful Songstresses and Graceful Actresses who have, turn and turn about, infused fresh charm into the delightfully droll and amusing light musical farce of "The Circus Girl," at the Gaiety, Miss Grace Dudley has, for the holidays, transferred her services to the Garrick to shine in Mr. Oscar Barrett's beautiful pantomime of "Cinderella." She makes a remarkably winsome nursery heroine, fascinating the generally youthful audiences as well as the Prince (handsome Miss Bertram) by her sweetness, gentleness, and modesty as Cinderella. In a word, she is a captivating foil to the exceptionally droll and boisterous elder sisters, impersonated by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. J. Le Hay. Of the scenic splendour and musical attractions of the Garrick pantomime we cannot speak too highly.

MISS GRACE DUDLEY.
THE CHARMING CINDERELLA AT THE GARRICK.

The Soudan Campaign: Firing on Egyptian Gun-boats.—The Egyptian gun-boats on Saturday morning went up the river beyond Shendy and Metemmeh (Reuter's Cairo Agent wires). As they passed those two places they were vigorously fired upon from both banks, one man on board the *Kaser* being killed by a shell. The Egyptian quick-firing guns replied, and kept down the fire of the Dervishes. After proceeding twenty miles to the south, and capturing two large and two small cargo-boats, the gun-boats returned.

The 1st Battalion of the Warwickshire Regiment and the 1st Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment, both stationed at Cairo, were ordered to leave for Wady Halfa at once. It is stated in explanation of this movement that news has been received that the Khalifa is about to order an advance northward. Reuter's Agency is informed that, in addition to the troops which are being despatched to Egypt from Malta and Gibraltar, the 2nd Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers will be landed in Egypt on their way home from India.

The French on the Nile: Progress of the Marchand Mission.—The Paris *Eclair* publishes an extract from a private letter from a member of the Marchand Mission, dated from Tumboura, Aug. 26. The writer says the Mission expected, in a few weeks, to reach the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where a portion of it, at least, would make a more or less prolonged stay.

Sharp Fighting in the Khyber Pass.—We learn from Reuter's Calcutta Agent that the Oxfordshire Regiment have had some sharp fighting. While a party of them were on convoy duty in the Khyber Pass, the enemy fired a volley at them from a walled enclosure. Colonel Plowden, Lieutenant Owen, and a number of privates were wounded. The party sought cover in a ravine, but the position proved to be exposed, and the enemy renewed their fire. They inflicted further loss on the British force, who were so hampered by their wounded that they failed to extricate themselves from the ravine until they were joined by another company. The two bodies then retired behind walled enclosures until further reinforcements were sent. In addition to the officers previously mentioned, Captain Parr was wounded. Of the rank-and-file three were killed and eleven wounded.

General Sir William Lockhart returns to England on three months' leave, after completing the report on which he is engaged concerning the future Indian frontier policy and the measures to be adopted. During his absence

General Sir A. P. Palmer will act as Commander of the Tirah Field Force, being succeeded in his present command by General Elles.

Casualties near Lundi Kotal.—On Jan. 2, according to the Central News, "A party which was destroying a cave settlement near Lundi Kotal was fired at by the enemy. Lieutenant Hamilton, of the Artillery, was severely wounded by a stray shot. On the party retiring the enemy followed and kept up a persistent fire. Two of our men were wounded. In addition to these losses, two sappers were killed by an accidental explosion of dynamite."

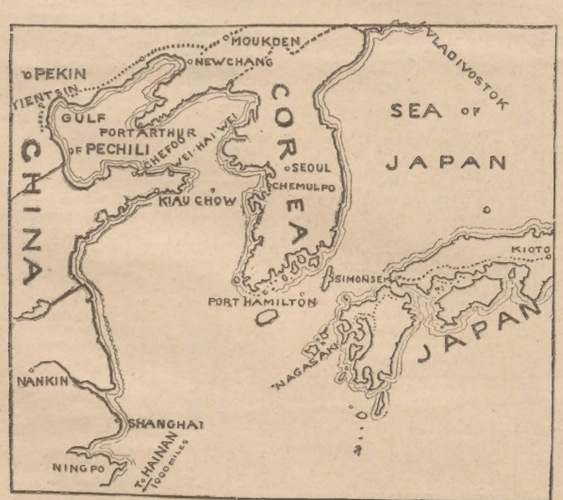
The Present Disposition of the British Squadron in North China Waters, according to latest Admiralty advices, is as follows: "At Chemulpo: *Centurion* (flag-ship), *Undaunted*, *Narcissus*, *Pique*, *Rainbow*, *Daphne*, *Algerine*. At Port Arthur: *Immortalité*, *Iphigenia*. The report that mercantile cruisers or naval reserves on the China station were being brought into active service is absolutely untrue." In view of the arrival of a British Squadron of seven vessels (rumour this time was under the mark) at the Corean port of Chemulpo, it is interesting to see how, in the agreement appointing M. Alexeiff Financial Adviser to the Government of Corea, the Russians provided for the supersession of Mr. McLeavy Brown, the Commissioner of Customs, upon whom the Queen has just conferred a C.M.G.

The British Government are Bringing Pressure to Bear upon China (according to the Central News) to declare Port Arthur free to all the world. This would place this well-known port in the same position as Shanghai and the other Treaty ports, by which all the trading Powers have the opportunity of benefiting equally. It would also place the port beyond the control of any individual Power. It is explained that the presence of Her Majesty's ships *Iphigenia* and *Immortalité* at Port Arthur is to insure at the present moment the entry and exit of all trading ships into the port without hindrance or molestation.

The German Missionaries at Tsao Chau, in the Shantung Peninsula, having complained to Baron von Heyking, the German Minister at Pekin, that the Commandant of the Chinese garrison had used threatening language to or about them, his Excellency demanded that the Commandant should be dismissed. According to advices received in Berlin, Jan. 2, the Chinese Government, yielding to the demand of the German Minister, sent a telegraphic despatch to Tsao Chau ordering the dismissal of the Commandant of the garrison.

The Pantomime at the Islington Grand Theatre, so admirably managed by a Board of Directors, comprising Mr. C. J. Aboud and Mr. Oscar Barrett, is again written by Mr. Geoffrey Thorn, *facile princeps* in this form of literary work. He has taken the ever-popular subject of "Dick Whittington" for his theme; and very liberally and handsomely has the management embellished the familiar story. A happier lass than Miss Lily Harold could not have been chosen for the part of Dick himself; and she mates well with Miss Cicely Turner as Alice; while the deft dancing of Miss Katie Vesey cannot fail to charm. A novel character, boldly delineated, has been introduced in the person of Captain O'Mulligan, sustained with quaint humour by Mr. Thomas E. Murray. But the "gods" pin their faith upon the saturnine humour of that great Music-

WELL WORTH A VISIT TO ISLINGTON TO SEE.



SCENE OF THE RUSSIAN AND GERMAN GRABBING OPERATIONS IN CHINA: CHART INDICATING THE RELATIVE POSITION OF CHEMULPO (WHERE A STRONG BRITISH FLEET HAS GATHERED) TO PORT ARTHUR AND KIAU CHOW.

Marriage of Prince Victor Duleep Singh. There was a large gathering last Tuesday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to witness the marriage of Prince Victor Albert Jay Duleep Singh, elder son of the late Maharajah Duleep Singh, to Lady Anne Blanche Alice Coventry, younger daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

The Election of a Successor to Sir Frank Lockwood as M.P. for York has given the Yorkshire capital much to talk about. Cheery Lord Charles Beresford, Admiral and Navy Reformer, is the Conservative and Sir C. Furness the Liberal candidate. The City of York is a constituency of doubtful political hue. In 1895 it was evident that party sympathies were pretty evenly divided, as there was only a difference of seven votes between the two successful candidates. At the last election, Sir Frank (then Mr. Lockwood) was four hundred votes ahead of the second Liberal candidate, Mr. A. E. Pease. Sir Christopher Furness, the Liberal candidate, is very well known and much respected in the North. His residences are Tunstall Court, Hartlepool, and the Manor, Cundall, Yorks. He is not altogether new to

Hall favourite, Harry Randall, whose comical Cook (oh, 'Liza!), with the funny Idle Jack of Mr. Charles E. Stevens, evoked much laughter. There is, moreover, a very pretty ballet. The Grand, too, boasts a capital clown in Mr. J. M. Jones.

You should read the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT if you wish to be UP-TO-DATE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER ECCLESS. LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

THE YORK BYE-ELECTION.

Parliamentary life, having represented his native town, West Hartlepool, from 1891 to 1895. He is, comparatively speaking, a young man, having recently reached his forty-sixth birthday. Sir Christopher is one of the largest merchants and steam-ship owners in the North of England.

The Late Mr. W. J. Linton.—Although he had lived in Connecticut, U.S.A., for thirty years, the late Mr. W. J. Linton once played a prominent part in this country. He was born in 1812, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to Mr. G. W. Bonner as an engraver. He worked for the *Illustrated London News*, and reached the first rank as a most artistic engraver on wood. He was a zealous Chartist, and took part with Mazzini in 1844 in calling the attention of the House of Commons to the fact that the latter's letters had been opened by Sir James Graham. He became a member of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and of the National Academy of Design. He was a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, *Examiner*, and *Spectator*, and published a newspaper entitled the *English Republic*, 1851-55, besides numerous poems, "Practical Hints on Wood Engraving," "A History of Wood Engraving in America," "A Life of Whittier," and his own reminiscences (in 1895). He was the husband of Mrs. Lynn-Linton.

THE LATE W. J. LINTON.

The Rev. John MacNeill, who is about to conduct a mission in London, is known as "the Scottish Spurgeon." He was once a railway porter; then a booking-clerk. He went to Edinburgh University, and became a Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh. From 1889 to 1891 he was pastor of Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, but returned to Scotland again. The unconventional evangelist, whose directness of utterance and quaintness of illustration have secured him his title, has just returned from a remarkable tour in the United States. No less than one hundred and sixty leading London Nonconformists, including nearly all the prominent ministers, have subscribed to a cordial address of welcome. The Metropolitan Tabernacle, the City Temple, the Marylebone Presbyterian Church, and St. James's Hall, have all been placed at his disposal in connection with his forthcoming crusade.

THE REV. J. MACNEILL.

Fatal Accident to the Scotch Express at Dunbar.—The Scotch express which left King's Cross shortly before midnight on Sunday, came into collision early on Monday morning with a goods train at Dunbar. The train was thrown off the line, several carriages were wrecked, and the line was blocked for some time. One lady was killed (Miss Isabella M'Alpine, of London, whose sister Lizzie was also seriously injured), and more than a dozen other passengers received injuries. Some of the passengers had to be cut out of the broken compartments, and others escaped without injury, whilst the carriages they occupied were broken to pieces. In one of the first-class compartments of the Aberdeen composite carriage there was travelling Mr. W. M. Gilbert, chief reporter of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*. He was alone, and had travelled from London. The carriage fell in upon him, and he received a terrible shaking.

Terrible Disaster in a Canadian Town Hall: Twenty-Eight People Killed and One Hundred Injured.—An appalling accident, involving great loss of life, occurred last Monday night at London, Ontario. The scene was the City Hall, where the successful candidates at the municipal elections were addressing a crowd numbering some two thousand persons. About ten o'clock the floor of the northern end suddenly caved in, precipitating over two hundred persons in a funnel-shaped death-trap. An immense safe and a heavy steam-coil fell on to the top of the imprisoned victims. A cry of fire was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The dead numbered twenty-eight, and more than one hundred persons were more or less seriously injured.

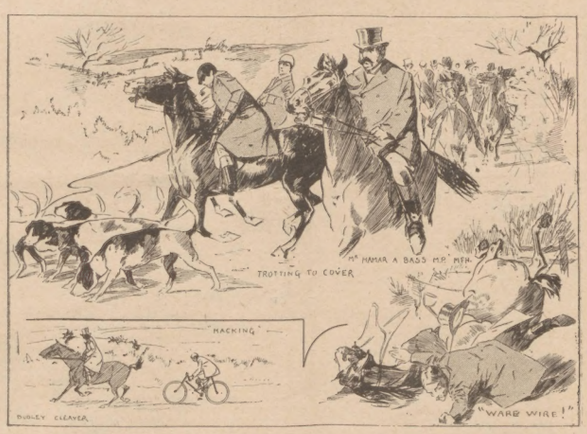
The "Athenæum" maintains its pre-eminence as the leading literary organ of Great Britain. Indeed, of late its powerful and erudite art and literary criticisms seem to us to have increased in interest. Hence the peculiar appropriateness of the following remarks in the *Athenæum's* literary gossip in its New Year's Number: "To-day being the seventieth birthday of the *Athenæum*, furnishes a fitting opportunity to recall the history of the paper in its early days. So much has happened in the years that have elapsed since the journal started that such a retrospect has an historic interest. Wordsworth and Coleridge, Scott and Byron, Shelley and Keats, Moore and Rogers, were in 1828 the chief figures in the literature of this country. Now they seem the heroes of a past age which is separated from us by a great gulf. Between them and us sprang up and flourished Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold, who have become to the present generation what Wordsworth and Shelley were to their fathers—classics of English literature, whose immortality is beyond question, although their exact places in the hierarchy of poets may be still open to dispute." Many Happy Returns of the Day to the *Athenæum*, conducted as honourably and vigorously as of yore, and as indispensable as ever to all booksellers and to the general reader who would keep himself well informed on current literary and art matters.

Trustworthy Information Respecting Klondyke appears to be required by a host of *P.I.P.* readers of our successful Christmas Number—"The Star of Klondyke." We regret it is impossible to reply to individual inquiries. We again refer our correspondents to the Government's Emigrants Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, S.W. They should *apply to that address*, enclosing 2d. in postage stamps, for a copy of the useful penny handbook issued concerning each leading Colony and Klondyke. The January Circulars of the Emigrants Information Office and the annual penny handbooks show the present prospects of emigration. There is no demand for anyone in Canada at this season of the year, except for domestic servants. The routes to the new Klondyke gold-fields are now closed by ice, and will not be again open till May: explorations of the various Passes are now being made, and it is expected that the best routes will be known shortly. The latest details will be given in subsequent editions of the circulars. Persons going there should leave England not later than in March or April, proceeding via the Canadian Pacific Railway to Victoria, Vancouver Island, the best route for British emigrants bound for Klondyke. Only those who are strong, experienced miners or men accustomed to prospecting for minerals in wild and unsettled countries, and have at least £200 for journey and food, should think of going; all others are strongly warned against going there at present.

Female Emigrants are Strongly Warned to use the utmost caution in regard to advertisements in the United Kingdom offering them situations at high wages as domestic servants, barmaids, etc., at Johannesburg, in the Transvaal.

The "Star," one of London's brightest papers, has shed its light most serviceably on the dangerous petroleum oil that causes so many sad deaths in our midst. With characteristic pungency, the *Star* welcomes in a stinging Cartoon the "Good Fairy Rothschild's" fathering of a really safe oil for lamps—the "Anchor" oil, which will, no doubt, promptly take the place of the rank and perilous stuff which has occasioned such a terribly large number of fatal explosions.

"The Greatest Show on Earth."—A very pretty reminder that Barnum and Bailey are in England for a two-years' tour comes to hand in a neat publication bearing upon its cover the head of an elephant. The little volume is a diary giving the events, day by day, of the life with the big show which is now drawing All London to Olympia.

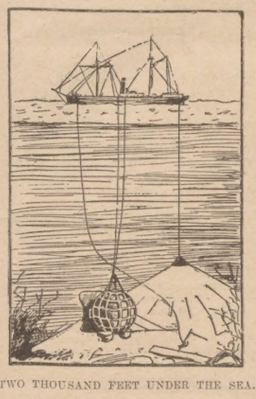


The Meynell Hunt is one of the principal packs in Derbyshire. The runs are usually very fast, and, with a keen scent, record times are frequently made. Mr. Hamar Bass, M.P., is the popular master, whose well-known figure is to be seen at all the meets. Many members hunt in "pink," and the attendance is always very large. There are few more refreshing sights than on a clear, cold morning to see the meet, led by the hounds and huntsmen, and many others in red, trotting over a hill in the distance on their way to cover. Trains and carts of all descriptions almost outnumber those mounted. Cyclists, too, of course, are present. After "gone away" has sounded, they try to keep with the hunt as far as possible by taking the nearest roads, and are thereby thrown into competition with those who prefer "hacking" to sampling the steeplechase nature of the country. The year before last the Meynell pack had many glorious runs after a particular fox who always made for the hills. He was never caught, but, sad to relate, was one evening shot by a non-sporting farmer when trotting back to cover after one of his proverbial runs.

THE MEYNELL HUNT.

There are also illustrations showing the winter quarters of "The Greatest Show on Earth," at Bridgeport, Conn., its winter home, similar ones to which are being erected at Stoke. The tents, chariots, and draught-horses will be brought over from America on a specially chartered steamer in February, as there is not room at present at Olympia in the annexe for the storing of the additional vast material. Mr. Bailey has not yet made out the route for his tour, but it is understood that he will visit every important place in England, Scotland, and Wales during the next two seasons.

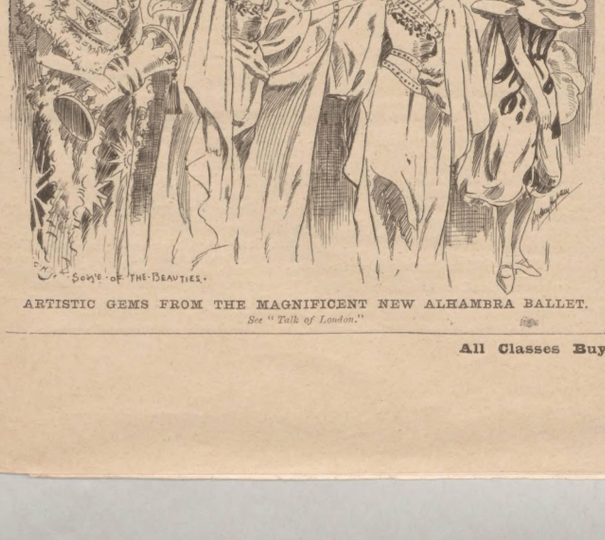
A Great Diving Machine.—It is singular that we should have heard nothing further of the wonderful submarine invention of M. Piatti del Pozzo, which was tested near the bridge of Choisy, as long ago as July 5, with such successful results that everyone anticipated it would be in full working order and adopted by every European nation before now. It is claimed for this ingenious creation that it will enable half-a-dozen men at a time to penetrate the depths of the sea more than two thousand



TWO THOUSAND FEET UNDER THE SEA.

feet below the surface, and work at their ease for five or six hours at a stretch, with no discomfort as in the case of ordinary divers' apparatus. The idea of this *travailleur sous marine*, as it has been christened, is a cone-shaped vehicle like a tent, which is lowered to the bottom. With the water excluded and glass windows for any light that may be forthcoming, as well as electric globes inside, the work of discovering anything of value on the damp floor is merely a matter of time and labour. It is all very pretty, and te-ts were to be made in the English Channel, but we have heard nothing of them.

STARCH CANNOT BE DIGESTED BY BABIES.—Many Infants' Foods contain little else. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK does not. It is suited for the most delicate infants and invalids; requires no cooking or added milk. Of all chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. A free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK and Co., 34, Farringdon Road, E.C.—[ADVT.]



ARTISTIC GEMS FROM THE MAGNIFICENT NEW ALHAMBRA BALLET.

See "Talk of London."

THE PENNY LAWYER.

["Lex" will be happy to reply to short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor," 198, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to names or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER.—He is at liberty to make his own arrangements.

FAIRNESS.—Perfectly legal, if everything was done in proper order.

BERGKNAPPE.—Six years, in ordinary cases, from the last acknowledgment of the debt.

WEYMOUTH.—Glad the advice was valuable. You and other Correspondents ask—how can you best show your gratitude? Why, by seeing that your Newsagent supplies you regularly every Friday morning with *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, and by counselling your friends to subscribe likewise to the *P.I.P.*

EXPECTANT.—1 and 2 depends entirely upon the terms of the will. If the interests in C and D are vested and not contingent, and there is a trust for sale on the death of B, the shares of C and D would, if they died intestate, go as to C up to £500 entirely to the widow, and as to D, one-third to the widow and two-thirds to the children.

T. M. (Swansea).—You can proceed by ejectment to recover possession unless arrears are paid.

E. R.—Not unless it was expressly agreed.

H. W.—The six years only runs from the date of the last admission of the debt.

A. W.—You should call the attention of the Urban District Council, by notice in writing, to the matter.

M. E. H.—The husband is not absolutely bound to inform his wife of the fact of having made a will. If the money is invested in your joint names, it cannot be withdrawn without your consent. You must of necessity sign all cheques.

MAPLE.—If you took all reasonable precautions to ascertain the time and place of your husband's death before the second marriage, you would be able to prove that, and it might be taken in mitigation of any sentence on you.

ONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW.—The father would take all the freeholds for his life. After his death they would go to the eldest son.

JANE AYRTON.—Apply to the Probate Registry, Somerset House, London, enclosing a shilling for search fee, and ask for cost of copy will. Give full names, address, and description of deceased, and date and place of death.

BLUEBELL.—(1) You had better come to a fresh agreement with your landlord as to rent and rates. (2) Rates are due on demand, but all London collectors allow some time to elapse between service of demand and call. LEX.

To Dog Fanciers "Spratt's 1898 Calendar" should be particularly welcome. In the front page is portrayed the renowned champion collie, Ormskirk Emerald. On the succeeding pages are portraits of nine other celebrated dogs, including three comparatively new breeds which are attracting considerable attention in the canine world—namely, Dogue de Bordeaux, Toy Bulldog, and Brussels Griffon. At the back of each picture is a vast amount of useful technical information as to the points to breed for. There are also sketches of Indian game fowls, wild ducks and partridges, and hints how to rear them. This valuable Calendar is issued by Spratt's, Henry Street, Bermondsey, S.E.

£50 CASH
PRIZE COMPETITION

During our Annual Clearance Sale, WHICH IS NOW TAKING PLACE, we shall give £50 *in Cash Prizes.*

The Gigantic Reductions and Bonus Presents offered during this Sale are simply astounding. Parties requiring any of the following should write for Illustrated Catalogue, Sale Price List, and particulars of Prize Competition without delay—

Dress Materials, Mantlings, Suitings, Blankets, Calicoes, Corsets, Curtains, Flannels, Flannelette, Quilts, Sheets, Skirts, Towels, Umbrellas, Underclothings, Beds, &c., &c. Black or Coloured Dress Materials, double width, 8d., 1/-, 1/5, 1/6, 1/7, 1/8, 1/9, 2/-, 2/4 per yard.

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ALL PARCELS CARRIAGE PAID.

First Order Opened every Wednesday Free.

Address a Postcard to the Reliable Old Firm—

LUTAS LEATHLEY & CO.,
Dept. 49, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

FOR ACHES AND PAINS
Rub In
ELLIMAN'S
"The only Genuine Rub on in the Market."
J. D. CAIN,
Captain and Trainer, Brooklyn Athletic Club, U.S.A., July 1st, 1897.
ELLIMAN'S
Bottles, 6½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s.
Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS, and CO., SLOUGH, ENG.

The Afridi War.

THE DEATH OF SIR H. HAVELOCK-ALLAN, V.C., M.P.,

in the Khyber Pass, where he was shot dead last week, is one of the most lamentable incidents of the war against the mountain tribes of the North-West Frontier of India. The Viceroy, Lord Elgin, informed the Government that, after visiting Lundi Kotal, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan was "coming down from Ali Musjid with adequate escort." A search party, sent out on the night of Dec. 30, first found his horse stripped and shot. The gallant General, courageous to a fault, appears to have left his escort in order to hurry to Jamrud. But Peshawur, and then England, soon learnt the sad news that poor Havelock-Allan had lost his life. His dead body was found, happily unmutilated, and was conveyed to Peshawur.

His Noble Record.

Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, a Major-General on the Reserve List, was the eldest son of the late Major-General Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B., one of the splendid heroes of the Indian Mutiny, and was born in 1830. He entered the Army in 1846. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for distinguished service at Cawnpore, where he served as aide-de-camp to his father, Sir Henry Havelock. He served in the Persian Expedition in 1857, and throughout the Indian Campaigns of 1857-59. He was at the Relief of Lucknow, where he was dangerously wounded by a musket-ball, which penetrated his left elbow. He was next at the Residency until relieved by Lord Clyde, on which day he was again dangerously wounded by a rifle-ball through the left shoulder. He was present before Lucknow from March 4 until its fall. He was repeatedly mentioned in the despatches. After the Mutiny he was for a short time Deputy Adjutant-General at Aldershot, and then from 1863 to 1865 he was engaged in the New Zealand War, for which he received the C.B. From 1867 to 1872 he was successively Assistant Quarter-master-General in Canada, and Assistant Adjutant-General in Ireland. South-East Durham was faithfully served by him as a Liberal Unionist M.P. Last summer the Tees-side Brigade was reviewed by Lord Wolseley at Seaton Carew, in the county of Durham, and, in addressing the men, the Commander-in-Chief said:

"If I were asked who was the bravest man in the British Army, I should say, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan." He assumed the surname of Allan in 1880, on succeeding to the property of the late Mr. Robert Henry Allan, of Blackwell Hall, Darlington, who was a great admirer of the hero of Lucknow.

How He Faced Death in the Indian Mutiny.

The following despatch from the late Major-General Sir Henry Havelock to the Commander-in-Chief in India gave the circumstances under which his brave son won his Victoria Cross—

"In the combat at Cawnpore Lieutenant Havelock was my aide-de-camp. The 64th Regiment had been much under artillery fire, from which it had suffered severely. The whole of the infantry were lying down in line, when, perceiving that the enemy had brought out the last reserve gun—a 24-pounder—and were rallying round it, I called up the regiment to rise and advance. Without any word from me Lieutenant Havelock placed himself on his horse in front of the centre of the 64th, opposite the muzzle of the gun. Major Sterling, commanding the regiment, was in front, dismounted, but the Lieutenant continued to move steadily on in front of the regiment at a foot pace on his horse. The gun discharged shot until the troops were within a short distance, when they fired grape. In went the corps, led by the Lieutenant, who still steered steadily on the gun's muzzle until it was mastered by a rush of the 64th."

The Most Recent News from General Sir Bindon Blood was that which was communicated through Reuter's special service from Maidan on Jan. 3. It was to the effect that, "The Bonerwals having refused to comply with our terms, General Blood's force will advance against them immediately, and some fighting is expected. It is considered probable that the Chamhawals and some Hindustani fanatics will join the Bonerwals in defending the passes which are to be attacked." The sort of fighting our brave Anglo-Indian troops will probably have to go in for is indicated in Captain G. Hewett's sketch of the action of Agrahard Ghat, redrawn on our front page, and in the above drawing from another sketch by the same gallant officer. This represents a notable episode of the successful engagement in question in the Mamund Valley—an episode that strikingly exemplifies the characteristic pluck and bull-dog courage of Tommy Atkins. Our only regret is that Captain Hewett did not, in illustrating this act of British valour against great odds, give us the name of the hero. He wrote enough, however, to identify him, for he described him as a Sergeant of the R. W. Kent Regiment and credited him with "killing seven of the enemy in a tight place."

PLUCKY STAND BY A SERGEANT OF THE ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT IN THE ACTION OF AGRAHARD GHAT, IN THE MAMUND VALLEY.

"The French Tommy."

BY "TROOPER TOMMY ATKINS."

THE CONSCRIPT.

FOWLER may have donned the garments of respectability, the "purple and fine linen" of Society, but for all his affectation he is just plain Tommy Atkins; and the most polished of patent leather boots, the shiniest of "toppers," and the highest and whitest of collars will never make him anything else but a soldier.

He will Sling the Canteen "Bat"

until the end, whether he speaks of his own old "crush" or of the armies of Foreign Powers—which, by the way, he is beginning to look upon with some sort of respect as he knows them better. He told me the other day that his proposed visit to one of the barracks had been postponed for a while; but that in the meantime he had learnt a bit about the

"Damned Rum Way these Froggies Get their Recruits."

"You see, Burglar, it was like this," he said. "When I met my butterfly chum the other day, 'e told me as 'ow he couldn't arrange to go to the 'casenne,' as he called it, I started arsking 'im questions as to 'ow the blooming army was recruited.

"Lord! the Things 'E told Me

was enuff to make a cat die o' laughing. 'E explained as 'ow the 'ole of France is divided into departments; these are divided again into what they call 'arrondissements'—kind of counties, I suppose, and then these is spilt up again into 'cantons,' which, as far as I can make out, is much the same sort of thing as

Our Parishes at 'Ome.

In each of these parishes there are a certain number of young fellows of twenty years of age, and these 'ave to draw lots to see what regiments they'll go to, as every man Jack of them is bound to serve three years unless 'e can't pass the doctor.

"At the end of every January and on into February the lots are drawn, and the lowest numbers 'ave to go to the Infantry and the Marine, who are always on duty in the French colonies; the others take their turn in the Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Infantry, and other branches of the service as their turn comes. Of course, the most popular numbers are those which allow the conscript to stay at 'ome, and not 'ave to go on foreign service.

"Before the numbers is drawn, the young chaps seem to

'Ave a Pretty Good Beano,

from all 'e told me. They gets together on Sundays for two or three months before 'and, and with red, white, and blue ribbons stuck all over 'em, a big flag, and a drummer marching in front, they raises 'ell in their towns and villages, going in a gang to the different cafés, where they dance and sing songs about their girls, their country, and glory until the 'ole place is like a perishing

Circus With the Animals Got Loose!

"They don't 'ave all this fun to themselves though. All the girls in the villages—of course I'm speaking about the country now—what is twenty, too, calls themselves conscripts, and they takes a 'and in the jollification. The young fellows goes and calls on them and get presents of sausages, ham, bread, and wine, and with these they all go somewhere together and 'ave a bloomin' good blow-out, and put the tin 'at on the whole show by 'aving a ball.

Our 'Rookies'

don't get a good time like that, do they? Generally 'ad a 'musical breakfast,' a ditto lunch, and ditto dinner, for a day or two afore they take the 'bob'!

"Well, after all this foolin' around

The Gallant 'Bluebeaks'—

the French call 'em 'Blues,' pretty much the same thing—the drawing comes off. They makes this a bloomin' big ceremony with the Major and other big bugs all in a row to make a show.

"Each bloke as 'is name is called goes to the box and takes out a number which 'e shows to the officer who bosses the game, and who tells 'im what branch 'e is to belong to. When 'e knows this

The 'Bluey' Sticks 'is Number in

'is at, and covers 'imself with tricoloured ribbons, and then goes off, shoutin' and singin'. If 'e's drawn a good number, 'e gets drunk to show 'is joy; and if a bad one, which means 'e 'll 'ave to go abroad, 'e fills 'isself up to forget about it. 'E's a starter, anyway, and knows 'e 's for it. The following April 'e passes the doctor, and

Then 'as Another 'Fete,'

as 'e calls it—wot we should call a fine old 'beano,' and a skinful with it! From then until the following November the conscripts go about their business until they are warned by a gendarme to attend one of the recruiting offices on a cert in day. 'Ere the non-coms. of the different crushes seeks out their men and takes 'em off to where their regiments is stationed, and this makes another excuse for a spree. All the young fellows' friends and relations turn up to say good-bye, and the railway stations are crowded with a surging, crying mob, who bring with them all sorts of grub and booze to take the 'rookie' on 'is journey.

"There 's a General Game of Kiss-in-the-Ring all Round,

and you can bet your boots the best-looking girls cop the rub of 'and. When the gang is in the train they sing songs and shout like a lot of kids, and anyone seeing 'em would imagine they was going on active service instead of just to do three years 'cushy' soldiering! It strikes me as 'ow

The French Soldier 'as an All-round Good Time.

Just fancy the blokes and gals of my village bringing *me* wine and grub when I went orf to enlist! The only thing as I can see against their system is that it takes away three of the best years of a man's life, and 'e 'as to make a fresh start when 'e's twenty-four."

(*To be continued in next week's "P.I.P."*)

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

JUST now in this country little else among the minor sports is going on but football, a game which has, I am very sorry to say, recently suffered a serious loss through the death of

Edward J. McAlister,

hon. sec. of the Irish Rugby Union for twelve years, vice-president of the Irish Amateur Athletic Association for ten years, hon. sec. of the International Rugby Union Football Board during the past four years, and one of the best and most ardent supporters of amateur sport. The important part he played some years since in closing up the breach that had been created by the "international dispute" will be well remembered. Whatever McAlister undertook he did thoroughly, as those who had the benefit of his tutelage at Trinity College, Dublin, are able to testify. The Welsh Rugby Union were to have met on Saturday to once more consider the question of international matches, but in consequence of the death of poor McAlister the meeting was postponed until after the funeral of this gentleman, whose popularity was not confined to Irish circles.

Richmond v. Fettesian-Lorettonians.

Either among the large company or the players at Richmond were a good many who have made brilliant reputations at the Rugby Union game, and the exposition given by the teams which met in "friendly rivalry" was one which well fitted the occasion. To use a phrase foreign to football, the players got "slowly off their marks," but subsequently the play generally was of first-class description, and the game, perhaps, the fastest seen at Richmond this season. Just such a one which does so much to create emulation on the part of the youthful aspirant and enthusiasm among those whose playing days are over. Richmond won by 11 points to 4.

Cardiff v. Blackheath.

Some 15,000 persons welcomed the Blackheath team to Cardiff, and left the ground at the close full of the splendid match they had witnessed. Each side scored two goals and one try in a game which was made up of grand play and exciting incident. Combined skill was not so pronouncedly shown by Blackheath as by the home side, but the visitors played up with that pluck and determination which never fails to excite the admiration both of friend and foe.

Bedford v. Leicester

was another of the fine games played on Saturday. Bedford enjoyed the advantage of playing at home; moreover, they had their best team, and they scored the only points (a try) made in the course of a most interesting encounter.

Gloucester Still Unbeaten.

Having to play against Devonport Albion on that club's ground, no surprise would have been occasioned had Gloucester's first defeat of the season been brought about on Saturday; but though they had certainly the worst of the play, they succeeded in preventing disaster, the match being drawn.

League Matches

were characterised by draws, this result being obtained in four of the seven matches played. By beating Notts County at Nottingham, the Sheffield United team find themselves again at the top of the list. Aston Villa, who have played one more match than the Sheffielders, were not engaged on Saturday. West Bromwich Albion, Wolverhampton Wanderers, Everton, and Sheffield Wednesday are all so well up that the competition at present bears a very open appearance. A feature of Saturday's matches was the heavy scoring in the game between Sheffield Wednesday and Notts Forest. The latter scored six goals and the first-named three.

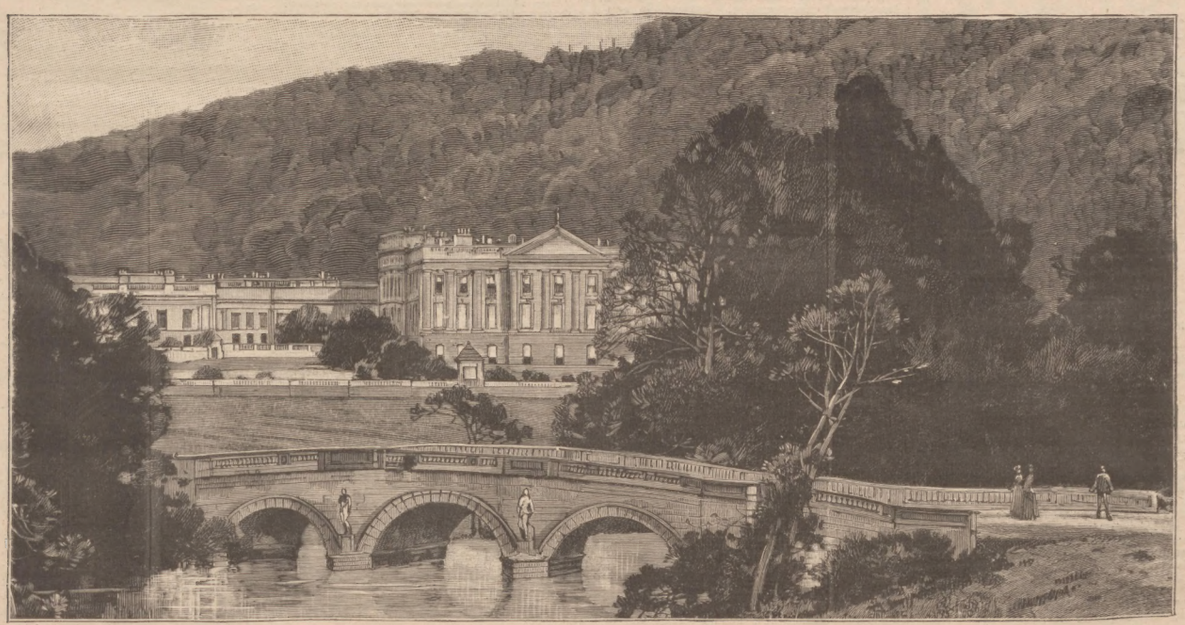
An Extraordinary "Gate" in Scotland.

On Saturday at Parkhead the Scottish League match between Celtic and Glasgow was so largely attended that, with only sixpence charged for admission, the sum of £1749 was realised. The match resulted in a draw of one goal each.

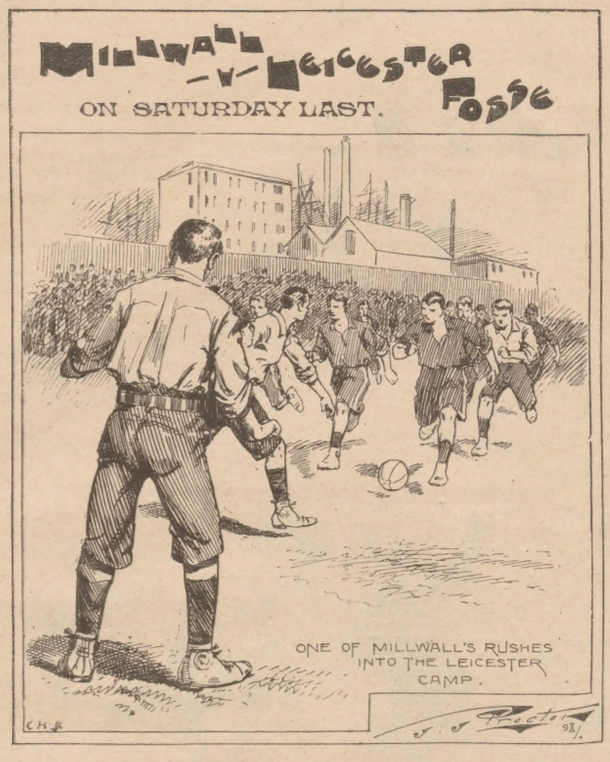
Serpentine S.C. Christmas Handicap.

Postponed by frost and fog from Christmas morning, this annual handicap was duly brought off on Saturday, when there was certainly no necessity to break ice. The contest was one of excellent character, E. Hawkins, with 24 sec. start, winning by a foot from S. Ross, 2 sec.,

For Description see Next Page.



CHATSWORTH, THE DERBYSHIRE PALACE IN WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE ARE ENTERTAINING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.



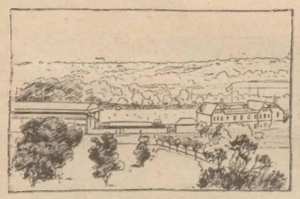
who was, in turn, a foot in front of E. Durier, 30 sec. H. Wilson (7 sec.) was fourth, a yard behind third man.

Stoddart's Team in Australia.

The second test match, which we had been given to understand would be commenced at Melbourne on the last day of 1897, was not begun until the first day of the New Year. A. C. Maclaren again occupied the post of captain of the English team, A. E. Stoddart standing out, presumably because of shortness of practice.

"Ranji" Played,

though suffering from the abscess in the throat, which was operated upon after the match had been begun. It may be that the Indian Prince has not displayed too much tact in criticising Australian cricket and cricketers, but there is no denying his pluck and skill. The toss was won by Harry Trott, and, as expected, the Colonials made good use of the opportunity this afforded them. McLeod was in no hurry to make runs,



MELBOURNE CRICKET GROUND.

his earliest partner, Darling (36), obtaining all but four of the first 27 runs. Hill (58) also scored much faster than McLeod, making his runs in one hour and fifty-five minutes, and being smartly caught at the wicket at 175. Very lively became the play when Gregory joined McLeod and to 244 the total was pretty speedily advanced. Then came the bowling of McLeod by Storer after the innings had lasted four hours and five minutes.

McLeod's Share of the Runs was 112,

in which were four fours only, from which an estimate may be formed of the character of his batting. At the close of the day Australia had lost three wickets only and had made 283 runs. On Monday the feature of the cricket was the batting of Iredale and Trott. Gregory completed a very finished display, which gave a total of 71, the result of two hours and a quarter. Iredale put together 89 in two and three-quarter hours; his leg hitting and driving being superb. Trott also played splendid cricket for 79. Afterwards the batting compared unfavourably, but a total of 520 was reached before the last wicket fell. The Englishmen made a bad start, losing one wicket (Mason's) for 22 runs. On Tuesday the progress for a time was far from satisfactory. Maclaren was out for 35, Wainwright made no more than 21, and Hayward was got rid of for 23. Ranjitsinhji and Storer, however, came to the rescue. Both played in fine form, the first-named making 71, and the Derbyshire professional 51. Thanks to these two the prospects of England brightened, but upon their separation things went badly, and at the end of the third day eight wickets were down for 311 runs. Jones was once more "no-balled" by Phillips for throwing. Each day the attendances were most satisfactory, numbering over 20,000.

The Billiard Championship.

It is unfortunate that in several of our games class tells to such an inordinate degree, and that, in consequence, the higher form of these games to a great extent suffers. In this category must be included billiards, so far, at least, as professionals are concerned, and the higher form certainly belongs to them. There is no doubt in the world that the game as played by those who endeavour to make a living out of it is prejudiced by the position occupied by one man.

John Roberts

has so often proved himself immeasurably superior to the rest as to make a match for the championship a matter scarcely to be considered; and billiards of the professional order, by reason of this, languishes. True, we have had Billiard Association championships, but public and players alike have recognised how farcical would be the assumption of championship degree on the part of any one of the players who have so readily admitted their inferiority to the man who so far has held aloof from such competitions. It would be unfair for one to deny

W. J. Peall

the credit of having over and over again challenged Roberts to play for the championship at the "all-in" game, but some weight must, even in this case, be attached to the fact that the "spot" has practically ceased to have any existence in professional billiards, whether of a competitive or exhibition character, and, I may say, in amateur billiards also, so far as concerns the championship. To continue to argue that the championship should be played with the "spot" in would be to declare that no game once established should ever be altered. To how many other games that have undergone no change can one point? Scarcely one, I reckon; therefore, why should billiards stand alone? As a matter of fact, it does not. There have been alterations as occasions have demanded, and even now with a "standard" (which in itself is an alteration) created for the table, we do not find the conditions the same everywhere. But I must not go further in this direction, as space is limited. Roberts has steadily refused to entertain a match for the "all-in" championship, and his position at the "spot-barred" game has until now been regarded as unassailable. Dawson has, however, come forward with an offer to meet Roberts on level terms at the "spot-barred" game, and the only conditions he imposes are that the game shall be played in a neutral hall, on a table to be approved of by both players, and that the "push" stroke shall, like the "spot," be barred. No one can take exception to these, coming from one who regards himself as at least the second best player, and is so regarded by large numbers of those qualified to form an opinion. With respect to the "push" stroke, in my opinion it ought never to have been allowed; and this match, provided that it be thoroughly carried out, should prove vastly interesting, if only to show to what extent Roberts's play will be prejudiced by the disallowance of a stroke by means of which it is very stoutly asserted much of his success has been due. Roberts has accepted this challenge with the proviso that all the gate money, less expenses, shall go to the winner. If business is meant by Dawson and his backers, this should create no obstacle. If it does, the impression will be left that Dawson only wishes to prove that a match with Roberts is the most profitable thing in billiards at the present time. Seeing that Roberts, while accepting Dawson's challenge, offers to give him 5500 in 21,000 in a match to be played under practically the same conditions, it is difficult for me to view the matter too seriously, but assuming that there is no nonsense about the affair I think it should be distinctly understood before the match is ratified that the winner should be allowed to hold the title for so long before being called upon to defend it.

The Cycle Tour Through China.

It will be remembered by our cycling readers that the plucky feat achieved by the two intrepid young Americans, MM. Stebbins and Allen, who furnished the *P.I.P.* with Kodak snap-shots of a tour on wheels from the North of France to Athens—that of traversing Siberia and China on cycles, unescorted—fired some English wheelmen with the desire to emulate them. Miss F. Lavender now writes to me from the *Travel* office: "The English residents in Shanghai have given a hearty welcome to the three cycling commissioners of *Travel*, John Foster Fraser, Edward Lunn, and Frank Lowe, who have just accomplished the feat of cycling across China from Upper Burmah, the first time that such a thing has ever been carried through. Since leaving London, in July 1896, the cyclists have traversed 14,322 miles. They all bear traces of the severe hardships they have undergone, and give a very bad account of the Celestial Empire as a field for cyclists. The roads were shocking, and for many hundreds of miles they were obliged to carry their machines. By the people of the Western Provinces they were hospitably treated on the whole, though in Yung-Chang-Fu they were mobbed by a crowd, and had to take refuge in a temple."

Warning to Footballers.

A footballer, named Ernest Veasey, a hosiery trimmer, twenty-three, and a member of the Aylestone United Football Club, while playing in a match on Saturday last received an injury which, although not considered serious at the time, resulted in his death later in the evening. He was the chief witness in a case of manslaughter now pending, in which the victim was another member of the same club, who was killed two months ago.

Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack,

edited with consummate ability by Mr. Sydney H. Pardon, makes its welcome appearance with the New Year. It contains full scores and the bowling analyses of the important matches of 1897; and a wonderful amount of serviceable information; and special photographs of J. R. Mason, N. F. Druce, G. L. Jessop, W. R. Cuttell, and F. G. Bull, with readable notes on these fine players. In short, "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1898" is a bargain for a shilling (1s. 3d. post free). It is published at that well-known emporium for footballs, wickets, and cricket-bats and balls, John Wisden and Co.'s, 21, Cranbourn Street, W.

BANSHEE.

THE RACING WORLD.

HALF the jumping season is over—at least, nearly half—and we have not been shown many good recruits for

The National Hunt Game.

Of new steeplechasers, or those believed likely to make a great mark when they are ready, we hear glowing accounts, but these performers so far have failed to wake the racing world up much.

In all probability,

Up Guards

is a very smart hurdle-racer indeed—smart outside the class of races in which he has been scoring freely. If he were a little bit bigger, he might make as good a horse as his brother, Count Schomberg. Certainly Up Guards is brilliant over hurdles. He has won all his races practically without an effort, and I am almost surprised that his owners think of selling him. You so seldom get hold of a good horse that it seems flying in the face of your luck to let such a treasure go.

Mr. Bottomley, so it is said, intends to lay

Count Schomberg

out to win the great summer steeplechase at Auteuil. That programme is announced with an air of absolute authority, and the same well-informed people are quite positive also that the Count is to be trained solely with a view to taking the Grand Nacional, a statement which would naturally cause the curious to scan the entries for the Grand National with interest. In Count Schomberg Mr. Bottomley has much the same sort of all-rounder as

Mr. Atkinson with Knight of Rhodes,

who is good on the flat, over hurdles, and across country. Unlike the Knight, however, Count Schomberg is a terrific puller, except on the flat. He is much more easy to ride under Jockey Club rules than when there are obstacles to negotiate; while the Lewes horse is always most "amenable."

If Knight of Rhodes could only stay a little better, I know no animal I would rather back to win a National were he in with a fair racing weight. Taking a Suffolk and Berkshire Stake is a feather in Knight of Rhodes's cap, and it is wonderful to think that only a year or two ago he was in the sale-list at a quite paltry price.

After this week we shall be thinking seriously about

The Spring Handicaps

of sorts, and soon begin to talk of betting on the Lincolnshire Handicap. In out-of-the-way corners of England the old style of wagering goes on as it used. Little bookmakers bet long prices in the back end of the year beforehand, and on a small scale play the game of a generation ago.

If the weather remains as it has been we ought to find good acceptances, because trainers have been able to keep their horses going through the winter. Unfortunately, we so often come in for the hard times towards the spring, and then calculations are all upset. When we do get frost and snow in late February and March

The Northern Trainers

have the best of the situation, because, while we usually have frost and not much snow, our friends up North have plenty of the latter. In the old days one used to expect to stop training operations after much snow fell; nowadays we have discovered that you can safely gallop pegs in going on which you dare not trot them. So it has happened that at Lincoln horses from Malton and Middleham have come to the post quite fit, while those from Epsom and the Wiltshire and Hampshire stables had not been off the straw beds for weeks and weeks.

I recollect about ten years ago that for seven weeks not a horse could be sent a gallop on the turf at Epsom. All that while

William I'Anson, Fred Bates,

and others located on the wolds, were giving their animals fine strong work.

Mr. C. Mills

has bought a half share in Mr. C. Morbey's horses, trained by Joe Cannon. We might find the master of the Lordship Farm establishment going close in the Grand National, for Barcalwhey seems to be improving fast. When he ran at Liverpool, and later at Sandown, I thought he had gone off a good deal, but he came out in quite different colours at Hurst Park. There is scarcely a trainer I would rather see send out a National Steeplechase winner. It is a good many years since he

Rode Regal to Victory for Captain Machell,

All Newmarket was Taken by Surprise

at the news that Jacob Pincies—Jacob the Silent—was to be installed at Exning in the stables Mr. Matthew Dawson has been occupying. They are excellent stables; handily situate, too. Exning has done well of late in its little colony, more especially has

Fred Webb, Who for Mrs. Langtry Made a Great Mark in 1897.

At present Golding is reckoned the luckiest trainer in Newmarket. Very seldom indeed does one so soon get his stables filled after having them emptied as his were through Mr. Lebaudy's selling off. As it turned out, no sooner were his late patron's gees gone than Mr. Cassel put a long string under his care. With the Hon. Cecil Howard as manager, and Sam Loates to ride, it will scarcely seem as if a change had been made at all.

A Sign of the Times

is the notice issued to clerks of courses forbidding them to put horses in races on the no-run-no-pay system. It was extremely unfair to genuine entrants, but not so long ago recognised as a general practice.

Not many of the present generation would know

Mr. E. Green,

a great hand at billiards and a good pigeon and game shot. He used to own many horses, and at one time was quite a power in steeplechasing and on the flat. His old partner in some of the racers, and senior I believe, Mr. George Hodgson, was about in the most robust health last week. Mr. Green, I am sorry to say, had been out of health for some years.

The Managers of Alexandra Park

are cleverly advertising that establishment by means of a neat little album, showing what the Park is and telling you how much better it is going to be made shortly. As it stands the place is very good indeed, and far in advance of the A. P. old hands used to patronise.

BENDIGO.

Ready.

JACK'S WATCHWORD.

WHEN his last great broadside's roar shook the world from shore to shore,
The sailor bold was ready, ay, and steady,
And although Trafalgar's past, should there come the battle blast,
'Twould find him just as steady, ay, and ready.
Times have altered just a bit, but he hasn't changed a whit,
Since the day he first compiled our ocean story;
Like the music of the sea changeless ever will he be
In look and style, in heart, in soul and glory.

For it's steady, Jack, and it's ready, Jack!
When there's danger or there's trouble in the air.
Jolly Jack, the bluff and breezy, gallant Jack, the cool and easy,
Always steady, always ready anywhere.

Though his rolling gait went out with our last great ocean bout,
And the Wooden Walls of England, dear and old,
All the jolly sailor lads on our famous ironclads
Are the same to us as when they "hitched" and "rolled."
We don't mourn for "pigtails" dead or for earrings that have fled,
When the breezes and the songs of seas are sounding
In his voice of hearty cheer, for the sea to us is dear,
Like the heart of Britain, ever brave and bounding.

For we love the wave and we love the brave
Who have helped to wreathe the valour-crown we bear.
Jolly Jack, the bluff and breezy, gallant Jack the cool and easy,
Always steady, always ready anywhere.

Should the foemen ever come to assail our Island home,
Methinks they ne'er would reach their destination,
For a wall of iron stands 'twixt our own and other lands,
And 'twixt our foes, when Jack takes up his station.
Could they pass that living wall, and the seas we hold in thrall?
No, never! Nor unchecked may others seize
Upon what should be our own, or was better left alone,
Without as much to us as "If you please."

Then it's ready, Jack, and it's steady, Jack!
For there's danger and there's trouble in the air.
Jolly Jack, the bluff and breezy, shows the watching world how easy
It is for British tars to do and dare.

But away with thoughts of war for a while when from afar
He has come to brighten Britain with his presence;
And a breeze blows in his wake, and we love him for its sake.
For it bears the old familiar ocean essence.
And we seem to hear the sound of an anthem all around,
E'en in our busy City's stir and roar:
'Tis the music of the sea and it's "Jack's the man for me,"
In every heart and every home ashore.

For we love the wave and we love the brave,
And are proud of all our glories on the foam;
And united do we stand, one in heart and one in hand,
With a welcome warm and true when Jack comes home.

Now that work has had its day, and the wild waves had their way
For a while, and giv'n our Jack tough work to do,
Let him take his well-won rest—let him have his share of play,
Ere he goes to sea again, to Britain ever true.
For let the call resound, and though pleasure may abound,
Jack would pull himself together strong and steady,
For the building of that wall on the seas we hold in thrall,
'Twould be "Good-bye, Jack," and steady—ay, and ready!

For it's steady, Jack, and it's ready, Jack!
When there's trouble and there's danger in the air.
Jolly Jack, the bluff and breezy, gallant Jack, the cool and easy,
Always steady, always ready anywhere.

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee.")

A NEW YEAR'S DANCE AT THE CAVENDISH ROOMS.

TO DANCE the Old Year Out and the New Year In is a very general way of ushering in a fresh year, and a very large and very merry party were gathered together on Friday se'nnight at the Cavendish Rooms, in Mortimer Street, W., for that purpose. The genial and up-to-date Mr. Edward Humphrey took this occasion to introduce the latest new dance, which he is now engaged in introducing to the professional dancing-masters throughout the country. It is called the Royal Record, and the music has been written by Miss E. M. Walsh. The steps may be described as slight variations on those of the Polka-Mazurka combined with the "Redowa" step. The couples join hands, right hand to right and left to left, as shown in the sketch. After a few bars the partners face each other, still holding hands, but with the left arms raised well up over the heads, go through a few steps in which, the heels being struck sharply together, both feet are raised from the ground; the last portion falls into the usual waltz step. The dance is very bright and full of "go," and is, moreover, easily learned, and so is likely to prove very attractive to hostesses anxious to introduce novelties into their entertainments. By the way, why is not the delightful Varsoviana revived?

If you wish to be FORTU-NATE, Subscribe to the "P.I.P." in NINETY-EIGHT.

Was it the Earl's Dog?

Was it not Pascal who said that if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch longer or shorter it might have changed the course of history? Very likely, inasmuch as history is nothing under the sun but a tale about vast numbers of people. And what alters the direction of one life may easily affect millions. You have, no doubt, heard the story about the Earl of Wiltshire's dog. It was at the time the divorce of Henry VIII. was under discussion at Rome. Things were progressing favourably, and when the Pontiff, at the close of the audience, put out his foot to be kissed by the Earl, the dog—who had followed his master into court—bit it. This so enraged the Pope and horrified the officials present that the negotiations were broken off. This story may be true, or not, but we are all aware that the course of history *was* changed about that time. Such things merely illustrate the truism that you never can judge of the importance of anything by the size of it. A nod of the head or a wink of the eye does sometimes literally and truly "speak volumes." On a tense harpstring it needs only the touch of a finger to elicit a tone loud enough to fill St. Paul's Cathedral; and just an accidental word or two dropped in passing conversation may, all unbeknown to the parties speaking, be a matter of life or death to one or both of them. If, for instance, a woman living in his town had not given a sensible bit of advice to James Ward he would never have written the letter setting forth the reason of it. In what way this chance talk affected him we will now see.

"In January 1893," he says, "my health began to fail me. I felt weary, tired, and weak, and could not think what had overtaken me. With the least exertion I was exhausted and perspiration poured off me. After eating I had intense pain across the chest and stomach. A fixed throbbing pain settled in my left side (on the lower part of the abdomen), giving me much trouble and uneasiness. All my food turned sour on my stomach and gaseous wind would rise up into my throat and head, causing a lightness of the head, and for a time, during each attack, I had to press my temples to ease me.

"I soon got so low, weak, and dejected that I could not attend to business properly. A horrid, nervous feeling prevented me sleeping, and my condition was such that I did not care what became of me, and I despaired of ever being well again. For over two years I continued like this. I consulted a doctor, but was no better for any medicine that I took. In July 1893, Miss Jones, at the Bazaar, Rostrevor, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"I began taking this medicine, and after taking the first bottle I began to mend. My food no longer gave me pain, and the pain at my side was easier. I continued with it, and soon I felt strong, all the wretched nervousness and sinking feeling leaving me. Since that time I have kept in good health, taking an occasional dose of the medicine when required. You can make any use you like of this statement. (Signed) James Ward, Rostrevor, co. Down, Ireland, August 18, 1897."

Mr. Ward is a tailor in business at Rostrevor, where he has resided many years. He is well known and respected throughout the district. He strongly recommends Mother Seigel's Syrup to all his friends and customers. It has often been observed of shoemakers and tailors that they are apt to be unusually intellectual and thoughtful men. The reason for this I will leave the reader to find out for himself. They are also apt to be troubled with dyspepsia, which may possibly be due to the contracted and confined positions in which they work. Then, too, they get but very little exercise, and exercise is a great stimulant to the digestion. From these causes, acting maybe with others that he does not mention, Mr. Ward's trouble arose. That it should have weakened him is plain to see, for strength depends altogether upon the amount of nutritious food one eats and is able to digest. Nothing will do in place of that. And when Mr. Ward's victuals turned sour on his stomach the source of his strength was cut off. Out of the fermentation of food within him came all the pains he speaks of, and the "horrid nervous feeling" which made him reckless and despairing as to his future.

This might easily have culminated in a hopeless physical and mental break up, and death a short time later. Here comes in the happy accident that saved his health and life. It was, you know, one of those narrow squeaks that you cannot begin to reckon on. It might happen or it might not—about an even chance.

And it is to increase the number of these fortunate accidents that we print Mr. Ward's story to-day and scatter it all over the country.

In Norway, Men, Women, and Children go out in all Weathers with Impunity since they use the famous Poncelet Pastilles.

LISTEN! YOU WHO COUGH, TO GOOD ADVICE, AND TAKE **PONCELET'S PASTILLES.**

PONCELET'S PASTILLES are most Agreeable to the Taste. They Prevent and Cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Throat Irritation, &c., when all other remedies have failed. Their Action is Immediate.

1s. 1½d. PER BOX OF 100, OF ALL CHEMISTS.

Wholesale Depot: PASSETT & JOHNSON, 31 & 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

Testimonial from Madame DEMERIC LABIACHE:

"To Mr. E. Poncelet, Verviers. "London, November 1867.

"Of all the Cachous for Throat Troubles which I have tried during my career of forty years on the operatic stages of Europe, I find the PASTILLES PONCELET most soothing, and excellent in minimising the many trials to which a singer's voice is exposed. "E. LABIACHE."

The following is a list of Principal Bakers who do not sell

HOVIS BREAD.

ENGLAND.		SCOTLAND.		IRELAND AND WALES.	
TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.	TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.	TOWN.	BAKERS' ADDRESSES.

HOVIS BREAD is baked and delivered daily by all good-class Bakers in the British Isles, and can be obtained in every town and many villages. On receipt of post-card we shall be pleased to send you address of our nearest agent, who will supply you with Hovis Bread, Biscuits, and Flour; or 6d. and 1s. samples of these will be sent on receipt of stamps by S. Fitton & Son, Millers, Macclesfield. Be sure each loaf has "Hovis," in raised letters, on the side.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

SEASONABLE BALL-DRESSES.

THE Prevalence of modest Ball-Dresses at the best dances of the season augurs well for the fashions of the New Year. You may judge from the sketches of the

Percy Hunt Ball,

which I am courteously permitted to copy from the *Lady's Pictorial*, that sweet simplicity is in favour with the cream of the cream of our fashionable dames. May the example continue and spread through '98! The elegance, with exquisite good taste, noticeable in Mr. Edgar Vincent's drawings of Countess Grey's, Lady Wilson's, and Mrs. Mark Firth's charmingly graceful costumes characterised the majority of the dresses worn at the Percy Hunt Ball. An expert dressmaker could easily make similarly becoming evening costumes from the drawing here given. Apropos of dancing,

The Wearing of Scarlet Coats

by golfers at some recent balls has, according to *Truth*, been warmly resented by some hunting-men proud of that badge of their tribe in the county ball-rooms. But the writer in *Truth* sensibly calls for a less gloomy evening dress for men than the customary black swallow-tail coat. Mr. Labouchere (if it was the redoubtable M.P. for Northampton who wrote the "par") even promises to wear a becoming coloured suit if a good one should be designed. I should like to see "Labby" in a blue or pink silk evening-suit at the *première* of some popular West-End playhouse he is in the habit of attending with Mrs. Labouchere: it would remind us of those brilliantly garbed French Republican politicians we all laughed at in "La Fille de Madame Angot" of merry memory.

Another Sartorial Note

may be quoted. It is from the *World*, and is not at all unseasonable in these days of loud, unsexed women, ever aping the habits of men—

Saddle-y Mistaken.

["Perhaps if women appeared on cross-saddles in a becoming dress, the innovation would soon cease to be noticeable."]

Beware, beware, O maiden fair,
Of act so suicidal;
Saddles on plan more meet for man
Might spoil your chance of bridal!

The Duchess of Sutherland,

the embodiment of graceful womanly charm whether at home or in a Bermondsey Board School teaching poor children how to enjoy their games,

Lady Wilson. Mrs. Mark Firth. Countess Grey.

BELLES OF THE PERCY HUNT BALL.

won all our hearts when, yielding to the blandishments of sweet Mrs. Jack Johnson and Mr. John S. Wood, she gave the Society of Women Journalists that delightful Midsummer Night's trent at Stafford House. Her Grace, as kind-hearted as she is supremely beautiful and fascinating, will give at Stafford House, on the afternoon of Jan. 11, a concert in aid of the Maternity Charity and District Nurses' Home, Pimlistow—an institution in which the Duchess is deeply interested.

Mrs. Jack Johnson sends me a list of artists who have promised their assistance at this notable concert. The chief work of the institution is the supplying nurses to the very poor in their own homes; and not only food, but clothes, coals, and bed-coverings are given and lent. The galaxy of talent to grace the concert may be realised from the enumeration of a few of the performers only: Miss Clara Butt, Madame Blanche Marchesi, Miss Esther Palliser, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Letty Lind, Mdlle. Ivonne de St. André, Miss Cissie Loftus (imitations), Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. William Nichols, Mr. Dwight Edwards, Mr. Maurice Farkon, Mr. Phil May (lightning sketches), and Mr. Mercer Adam (musical sketches). All my town readers who desire to help the benevolent society should apply for concert-tickets to Mrs. Jack Johnson, Society of Women Journalists, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

The Private Theatricals at Blenheim Palace

at Christmas must have been particularly interesting. I read in the delightfully chatty London Letter of the *Westminster Gazette* that they were "in aid of the restoration of Woodstock Church. The first part of the entertainment comprised some historical tableaux, which were picturesquely portrayed, many of the dresses worn at the Devonshire House Ball being used. Mr. Ian Malcolm, M.P., was much complimented on his new musical burlesque 'The Idle Hour,' in which the Duchess of Marlborough represented the Countess of Rondyke, the Duke, Septimus Sand, and Lady Randolph Churchill the Up-to-Date Lady Journalist." Now, I wonder which of us that *belle Américaine* essayed to caricature in "The Idle Hour."

Lady Randolph Churchill

was also among the notable personages invited by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire to take part in the private theatricals got up at Chatsworth for the amusement of the Prince and Princess of Wales. She was well fitted with the part of the smart maid in the Royalty comedy of "His Little Dodge." Miss Muriel Wilson was apportioned the title rôle in Mr. Frankfort Moore's charming comedietta, "Kitty Clive," at Chatsworth.

The Paris Visiting Dress

I have the privilege of copying from the *Lady's Pictorial* was worn by Madame de Bernadaki at Miss Clara Butt's Concert at the Salle des Agriculteurs on behalf of the British and American Children's Home and Orphanage, 35, Boulevard Binlau, Neuilly, of which Miss Lawes is the superintendent. "Ninon" says: "Sir Edmund and Lady Monson were present with their three healthy, manly-looking boys, who, as they entered muffled in their English ulsters, seemed to bring with them a whiff of British air. Their pretty, frail-looking mother was gowned in black satin with Swiss belt of the same, and a bodice of white pleated chiffon, over which was a collar-like ornament in gold sequin embroidery on a black ground. Her black toque was trimmed with violets. Another handsome black dress was Comtesse de Castellane's jet-embroidered black velvet made in princess shape, and worn with a hat to match.

"Baronne de Reibnitz was in a very up-to-date gown of dark blue cloth cut out at the neck to show tucked white satin, and being fastened at the side with three large white buttons. The bodice was braided in black, the skirt plain. Her round hat of fawn-coloured felt, having in front a wide black velvet bow, from which proceeded two brown quills, was plain and effective.

"Madame de Bernadaki, who was accompanied by her pretty fair-haired daughter, wore a black cloth princess gown (delineated by the *L.P.* Artist) with a braided bodice, fastening at the side with velvet bows, and a most original hat, having a brim of violets and a beefeater crown of black velvet with panache of black feathers at the side."

The Tailor-Made Costume

of which a drawing is given was awarded by MM. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth as the 25-guinea prize at the New Year's Eve Fancy Dress Ball at Covent Garden Opera-House—which was, by the way, a remarkably handsome fête, radiant with the ingenious novel devices of Clarkson, as usual, and with the prettiest of silken dominoes of the most beautiful hues, full of bewitching grace. The fashionable tailor-made costume illustrated came from the Court tailors, J. Phillips and Son, 58, Regent Street, and was an admirable specimen of their elegant workmanship. It is of cedar-brown cloth, and the front panel of the skirt and nearly the whole of the bodice is covered with appliqué and velvet, traced with gold and cedar braid. The vest is of velvet. The shape of bodice, with its box pleats on either side, is shown by the artist. The belt is of velvet, traced with braid, and has a plain gilt buckle in front. The gown is lined throughout with heliotrope silk, and has a deep ruche at the hem of skirt. This stylish costume is in the smartest style of the "double pouched" Russian blouse order. The bird-decked hat suits it to a nicety.

25-GUINEA TAILOR-MADE COSTUME PRESENTED AS A PRIZE AT THE LAST COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALL.

We reproduce a portrait from the *Lady's Pictorial* of Dec. 30 of the

Plucky Little Lancashire Girl, Miss Jessie W. Kitson,

aged ten, who saved a small boy from drowning the other day. She saw him struggling in the reservoir, and promptly plunging in she brought him out after a sharp struggle. She has been presented with a testimonial by the Royal Humane Society and the bronze medal of the Bolton Humane Society. To judge from her portrait, she is a charming-looking child.

Sale Time! Sale Time!

The mere words are music in the ears of a large section of the world of women. In spite of fog and rain and wind, I have visited several of the

Fashionable London Shops,

and have had my eyes dazzled and my brain bewildered by the masses of beautiful garments which are now being offered for sale. Blouses in silk, chiffon, velvet, and satin, all in the latest fashion; skirts of velveteen and striped or printed flannel; coats and skirts: skirts in serge, satin, moiré velours, and fancy brocades for evening wear with blouses. Hats, bonnets, toques, tea-gowns, dressing-gowns, silk petticoats, etc., can now be bought at great reductions. At Redmayne's, in Bond Street, and many other fashionable establishments, there are plenty of real bargains, but it is invidious to name one shop in preference to another. Still the marked artistic taste and skill shown by

Swan and Edgar

in their charmingly picturesque window-scenes of "The Geisha"—

THE NEWEST PARISIAN VISITING COSTUME.

triumphs of pretty and attractive window-dressing—call for a special tribute to this smart and fashionable, energetic and up-to-date Regent Street firm. Thousands viewed these "Geisha" scenes, which were brilliantly illuminated at night. Well done, Swan and Edgar! I think, from what I see and hear, that

Flounces will Come in Next Spring.

They will not be so much seen, perhaps, on morning gowns; but for smart evening frocks they will be the favourite trimming, and they will be invariably kilted or sun-rayed, as they make a much better show than if they are left plain. The present amount of

Embroidered Trimmings on the Bodices

will, I am told, continue in favour; and no smart woman of fashion will condescend to wear a black gown unless it is covered with sequins or spangled velvet flowers, or vigorous lighting up of one sort or another. The legacy which the Russian blouse leaves behind it is

The Basque,

a returned fashion which many women will warmly welcome. When the blouse or dress fabric has a basque every woman knows that she will not be obliged to worry herself with a waistbelt, which is very pretty but apt to leave gaps at the back and to mark out the line of the waist too distinctly. I have seen a few of these quite new blouses, but they will not be very much in evidence until after the winter sales. If any clever girl would like to make one for herself let her invest in a

Remnant of "Liberty" Velveteen

at the sale in Regent Street, provide herself with a copy of the *Lady* for Dec. 30, and turn to page 970, where she will find a sketch, and directions for making this before-the-fashion little garment. It is exactly the same as one that I saw at a smart West-End shop. I must

MISS JESSIE W. KITSON, THE LITTLE BOLTON HEROINE.

If you like Nice Little Dinners, buy your wife the "HAPPY HOME." Weekly, 1d.

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DESICCATED **SOUP**

is made from Home-grown Vegetables and Meat, and is a very Tasty Soup. The Brown, White and Tomato are all equally good.

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You should use GRAVINA, which is very handy and economical in the kitchen. It is particularly suited for enriching gravies, sauces, stews, etc., and gives substance and piquancy wherever used.

If you cannot get them at your Grocer's, send to Fredk. King & Co., Ltd., 3 Camomile Street, London, E.C. 8 penny stamps for an 8d. tin of Brown, White, or Tomato. 6 penny stamps for a 6d. tin of Gravina.

My Dear, BUY IT!

YORKSHIRE RELISH

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672,192 BOTTLES SOLD IN ONE MONTH IN ENGLAND.
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"She will be a joyful woman"

[ROMEO AND JULIET, *Act 2, Scene 4.*

Who uses **KILVERTS' PURE LARD** for all cooking purposes and steadfastly refuses to have any other brand foisted upon her.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining it from your Grocer, write to the address at foot, enclose the required amount in Stamps, and you will receive a sample package, Carriage Paid, by return.

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A 4-lb. ,, - - - -	1 9

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Sale of Hats, Bonnets, and Toques at Madame Tucker Wedgery's,

Ten and sixpence is the price for any hat or bonnet in her establishment at present. Her number is 90, New Bond Street.

My Prophecy

of more than a month ago that the bodice which differed from the skirt in colour, but not in material, was doomed by Dame Fashion, is coming true. The smartest women in London are even now wearing the bodice and skirt to harmonise in colour, and some have taken to the bodice and skirt of same material, although many of them confess that "the dear old blouse is much more comfortable." It will not surprise me, therefore, if

The Pretty Silk Blouse

is once more the top of the fashion by next season in London. If thick cloth bodices come in, the outdoor jacket will once more give place to the cape, for nothing is really comfortable under a jacket but a silk skirt.

The Matto Chain—

an ingenious arrangement of wooden rollers on a chain—should be used night and morning by all women who would preserve their muscular vigour and escape rheumatic and neuralgic pains. Though it is used, I am told, by Sandow, a girl can easily manipulate it. The Matto Chain "consists of a double line of balls revolving on their own axes upon a chain of stout wire, which has a convenient holder at each end, by means of which it can be passed to and fro over any portion of the body. With this apparatus anyone can become his or her own masseur without assistance." I have tried it, and certainly feel lighter and more lissome after its use. It is sold for 7s. 6d. by the Matto Chain Company, Limited, 32, Clerkenwell Road, E.C. Five minutes smart application of the Matto Chain and a good sponge down fits one the better for breakfast and the day's work, I am certain.

It would seem, as I write, that, after all, the winter would not be very severe; but still, a severe cold snap may occur at any moment, and then the troubles begin.

The following easily made up

Recipe for Chapped Hands

which I have known for a long time is, I see, given in a first-rate little publication, price one penny, called "The Toilet": Equal quantities of white wax and sweet oil; dissolve in these simple ingredients a small piece of camphor, put the mixture into a jam-pot or small earthenware bowl, and allow it to stand beside the fire until the whole is fused together. This is really a very pure cold cream. I see that the

Vaseline Cold Cream,

which I mentioned recently, is also recommended in this little book: and an excellent little book it is. It is simply called "The Toilet," and my readers would do well to invest a penny in it. The publishers are Ward and Lock, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C. The chapters on the care of the hair and on choosing hats ought to prove very useful. I fear the majority of women would be very much astonished if I were to tell them that the

Unhappiness of Many a Home

has been caused by the disregard by the wife of her personal appearance. But, is it not a fact that wives often sit down to breakfast and dinner in a slovenly state, in which they would blush to be found by a visitor of either sex? It is a great mistake for a woman, as soon as the early years of married life have passed, to allow her once pretty complexion to become muddy and ugly from

Want of Proper Air and Exercise.

If the husband was worth winning he must be worth keeping; but if the bright and pretty girl whom he courted turns into a dowdy, ill-dressed, and rather unkempt woman he will not stay. It is not my business to

Address Advice to Men

in this column, but they ought to be careful not to allow the husband to become less smart and well dressed than the lover. The contract should be kept in small things as well as in great.

I have been asked to give a recipe for making that homely but tasty dish known as

"Toad-in-a-Hole";

and a friend has sent me the following. First put four tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, and break into it two eggs. Mix the flour and eggs into a smooth batter with half a pint of milk. Then cut up a piece of steak into tidy pieces, give them a bath of cold water, and place them into a well-buttered pie-dish with a spoonful of chopped parsley, four uncooked potatoes cut in slices, one onion ditto. Flavour with pepper and salt; a little Worcester sauce and a little Chutnee pickle cut up will do no harm. Pour a breakfast-cupful of boiling water over your meat and the other ingredients, cover the pie-dish, and let the contents simmer away on the hot hearth or in the oven for close upon an hour. Then pour your batter over it; bake in a hot, but not too hot, oven for an hour, and when the dish comes to table you will find what an excellent thing a good toad-in-a-hole is. I have mislaid my little verses addressed to boys, so I cannot give them this week.

MARGUERITE.

Mrs. B. (to her husband): "I'm very sorry, John; but the careless cook upset the saucepan and spilled the mushrooms. There are only enough left for one."

Mr. B. (who has been reading of the danger of eating fungi): "Then serve them to your mother, dear."

HE WASN'T LOSING A CHANCE.

New Comer (at Klondike): "They tell me you are the most successful miner here."

Foxy Fairbanks (the Dawson undertaker): "That's 'cos I combine biz with pleasure."

New Comer: "I don't understand."

Foxy Fairbanks: "It's easy. Ef I don't strike pay-dirt soon here this 'll be a grave; ef I do it'll be a claim. Now d'ye savvy!"

A GREAT COMBINATION.

ROUGH ON HIS GIRL.

The Fiancee: "I'm surprised at you! I *saw* you flirting with her!"

Fiancé: "I swear, Priscilla, you are mistaken! Beauty has no charms—never had any charms—for me!"

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TO ENSURE GETTING THE GENUINE
LEWIS'S 'WONDERFUL' Velveteen at 2/- a yard
Send a postcard direct (mentioning this paper) to LEWIS'S in Market St., Manchester, who will forward a large Box of PATTERNS POST FREE.
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AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY
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Read carefully my New Book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate Question of Large Families, as commended by an eminent London physician. Send postal order, 1s. 6d., for improved edition, in sealed packet with distinct address to the Author, Mr. WALLACE DOUSE, Science Lecturer, Kingsley House, Nottingham. An M.P. writes: "Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished, comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.

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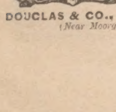

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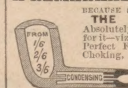

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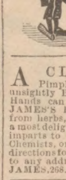

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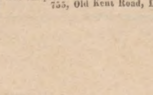

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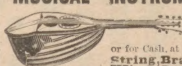

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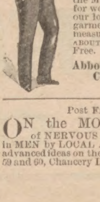

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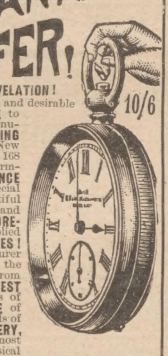

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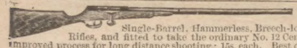

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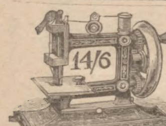

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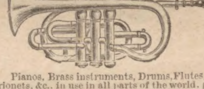

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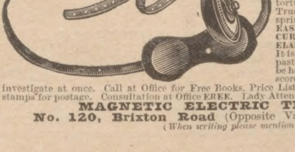

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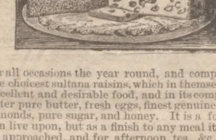

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